

A DRAMATIC MASTERS | IN TEXT AND COLOR

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 20, 1964 30 CENTS

**TEXAS GIRLS
AIM FOR TOKYO**



See the Mustang and ride Walt Disney's Magic Skyway at the Ford Motor Company's Wonder Roundabout, New York, World's Fair



Ford Mustang Hardtop with Vinyl-Covered Roof

Presenting the unexpected... new Ford Mustang!

\$2368*
f.o.b. Detroit



This is the car you never expected from Detroit. Mustang is so distinctively beautiful it received the Tiffany Award for Excellence in American Design... the first time an automobile

has been honored with the Tiffany Gold Medal. Mustang has the look, the fire, the flavor of the great European road cars. Yet it's as American as its name and as practical as its price—just \$2,368 f.o.b. Detroit... and we're not kidding! This price includes these luxury features that are unavailable or available only at extra cost in most other makes of cars: bucket seats, padded instrument panel, full wheel covers, all-vinyl interior, and wall-to-wall carpeting.

\$2,368 f.o.b. Detroit also includes, as standard equipment: sports steering wheel, 3-speed transmission with floor shift, cigarette lighter, front arm rests, two automatic courtesy lights and glove box light.

* \$2,368 f.o.b. Detroit is the suggested retail price. It does not include, of course, destination charges



A PRODUCT OF

 MOTOR COMPANY

from Detroit, options, state and local taxes and fees, if any. Whitealls are \$35.90 extra and the vinyl roof covering is \$75.80 extra.

The basic Mustang is an eminently practical and economical car. With its four-passenger room, and surprisingly spacious trunk, it's as much car as many people will ever want or need. But—Mustang was designed to be designed by you. You can fit out your Mustang to almost any degree of luxury or high performance by selecting from a large but reasonably priced group of options.

You can go the luxury route by choosing such options as air conditioning, a push-button radio, vinyl roof covering, power brakes, power steering, 5-speed Cruise-O-Matic transmission—you name it.

Or, your Mustang can become a sports car with the addition of the big 289-cu. in. V-8 engine (the same basic V-8 that powers the famous Cobra!), 4-speed stick shift (synchro in all forward speeds), and Rally Pac (tachometer and clock).



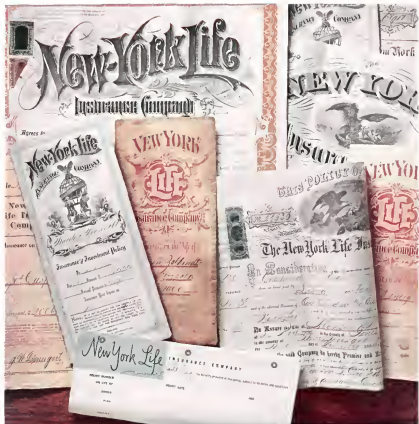
Ford Mustang Convertible

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
 FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Mustang Falcon Fairlane Ford Thunderbird

For an exciting, authentic scale model of the new Ford Mustang, send \$1.00 to Ford Offer, Department E, P.O. Box 35, Troy, Michigan. (Offer ends July 31, 1964)



Your great-great-grandfather knew a good buy when he saw one—his New York Life policy!

The old, yellowed documents you see here don't look very much like the crisp, white policies New York Life offers today. Yet their purpose was the same: to guarantee basic family financial security.

Times have changed, but the need for life insurance hasn't—nor has its worth. Never forget that the values in your policy actually increase with age.

If you'd like advice on any life insurance matter,

give your New York Life Agent a call. Well-trained, and experienced, he is a full-time representative of one of the nation's oldest, largest, most efficiently managed companies. As those of each generation have found out—the New York Life Agent in your community is a good man to know!

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Two of the best-known athletes in the world made the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the last two issues: Jack Nicklaus and Sandy Koufax. This week we give you Janis Rinehart, 19, Paula Walter, 18, and Jeanne Ellison, 16. Unless you happen to live in Texas and keep your eyes open, we expect you've never heard of these Atlanta-type young females at all. Our editors are only a little ahead of you, having just discovered them, too. The Texas girls are on our cover this week not because we're tired of famous men with muscles or want to "appeal" to women (or men) readers in some special way, but because the Texans' mixture of grace and drive deserves to be known to a few more million people.

Women, we might say in passing, have no special "department" in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We have women readers as well as men readers, and women writers as well as men writers. All this seems natural enough to us and doesn't need call for comment—except that one of our women readers (who is also occasionally one of our writers) had an advance look at this issue and wrote us a note. She is Dolly Connolly, a West Coaster by birth and conviction, who lives in Bellingham, Wash., now after Stanford University and a southern California childhood and whose most recent SI story was a recollection of that childhood, *Minie's Enchanted Summer* (SI, July 8). Writes Dolly Connolly:

"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is an anomaly—a 'men's' magazine that exerts an extraordinary hold over its women readers without playing a woman's angle. You report on women in sports not just as women, but as sportswomen—and this is a welcome, if backhanded,

compliment, since it implies that women are people after all. That gets us, and so does SI's transparent, though unstated, definition of sport as active fun—wide enough for the marvelous memories of a New York boyhood that begin on page 75, and discerning



WRITER-READER DOLLY CONNOLLY

enough for the blue hair ribbons and pressurized hair shellac with which those Texas belles intend to storm the Olympics.

"I've never enjoyed a ride more than the one you take us on with Janis, Sue, Paula and Flamin' Mamie from Abilene to Austin via hair tints, beauty parlors, makeup, form-fitting running shirts and real nice track training techniques. With astonishing perception your writer, Gil Rogin, penetrates the octopus-ink camouflage thrown out by the female mind as it zeros in straight toward the single objective. It is another writing accomplishment in keeping with SI's fine discovery that sport is worthy of fine treatment."

Dolly Connolly's own next story in SI will be along in an early issue and will describe an excursion across the 5,000-mile Trans-Canada Highway,

MEET THE MILLION-DOLLAR FISHING MOTOR

SEA-HORSE 9 1/2 COMPACT



PACKS LIKE A 3 In fact, it's 3" shorter. And with no projections on its starboard side, it lies flat in small places.



TOTES LIKE A 5 1/2 Its weight is a near stand-off and its carrying handle is located at exact center of balance.



GOES LIKE A 10 Here's one ease you can believe your eyes. This Sea-Horse 9 1/2 gives you truly big dig. All controls are located on front panel for easy access.

Fishermen, sportsmen and boatsmen please note: this new Johnson Sea-Horse 9 1/2 is your dream come true.

It's little. It's light. It's lively. Super quiet—and super thrifty, too. A new down-draft carburetor and "downhill" induction system plus new 50 to 1 gas-oil mix mean maximum fuel economy every time you take it out.

More? You bet! A new tilt-drive mechanism allows you to run at slow speed in shallow water or over sand bars. Also—this new beauty has a low profile that gives you unlimited fishing room over the stern.

And just like all the other '64 Johnsons (13 models, 9 power classes, 90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9 1/2, 5 1/2, and 3 hp), the new 9 1/2 is

built to resist salt water corrosion and carries a special 2-year warranty.* Visit your Johnson dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Johnson Motors, 1653 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. Div. Outboard Marine Corporation.

*For twenty-four months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

SEE YOUR JOHNSON DEALER FOR THE FABULOUS NEW LP JAZZ ALBUM "THE HOT ONES." ONLY \$1.00!

Johnson...first in dependability 

"Our children are too young to realize why the Northwestern Mutual 'IQ' is so important to them!"



WILLIAM H. STEEN,
age 34, is Assistant Vice
President of The First
Boston Corporation, and
lives in Evanston, Illinois.

"Like any experienced investment man, I believe that family security comes first—usually with adequate amounts of life insurance to protect your wife and children come what may.

"However, I have found that Northwestern Mutual life insurance gives me both the protection I need, and the investment return I want. To let me know this investment return could vary from company to company—and why it's so high at Northwestern Mutual—my NML agent showed me my Investment Quotient. To

arrive at this 'IQ' he simply compared what I would put in with what I could get back.

"He made it very easy for me to understand—and it's the kind of figuring that's going to help send our children to college. Even our youngest who was taking a nap when the picture was taken."

There is a difference! Not all life insurance companies are alike. Here's an example of Northwestern Mutual's unique values:

If a 35 year old man buys a \$10,000 NML "65 Life" policy, in 20 years he will have \$4719 in guaranteed cash value. Assuming continuation of present dividend rates, during those 20 years, he will have paid \$3994 in premiums.

By dividing the cash value by the premium, you get an Investment Quotient of 118%. This means that for every \$1.00 put in, there's a build-up in cash value of \$1.18.

A Northwestern Mutual agent will be glad to give you more information. Just look in the phone book for his name and number. You will find it listed under "Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company."



**THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Seastrake

A new lapstrake series for blue-water boatmen — by Cavalier! (from only \$5400)

Here's a big Cavalier surprise for 1964! In answer to an increasing demand from boatmen who seek their pleasure offshore...where the wide-open spaces and the bigger fish are...Cavalier introduces a salty new series designed to fit their needs perfectly. Every Seastrake model has a seaworthy hull with overlapping planks from chine to sheer. The planks are stout, marine-grade plywood,

bonded permanently together with famous Thiokol polysulfide sealant (it's impervious to gasoline, oil, and marine organisms). And they're luxurious, too, with all standard Cavalier features. If you've always wanted a deep-water boat, now's your chance to own one...and at much less than you'd expect to pay. See the exciting new Seastrakes now at your Chris-Craft Cavalier dealer's!

New 27' Seastrake sleeps 4, has modern galley, dinette, private lavatory. Full carpeting, headlining, and paneling. 185-hp V8 engine. \$6745. Hardtop optional at extra cost. 24' and 31' Seastrake models are also available, from \$5400, or only \$91 mo. For information, write Cavalier Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Fla. FOB prices and specifications subject to change.

Chris-Craft CAVALIER

**NEW
FEATHER
IN OUR
CAP!**



We're proud of our collection of praise-winning feathers. Our latest, from ROAD & TRACK MAGAZINE (Jan. 1964): "... It was not our purpose to single out any particular make of car, but to arrive at conclusions that would be valid for the average sports car. We feel that we are justified, however, in pointing out the one sports car that scored most nearly perfect of all sports cars (16 of them) tested, the Sunbeam Alpine... offered better accommodation for both the average and the big driver than any other..."

That's not all. Sunbeam is the first British sports car with a choice of shifts—"stick" or American Automatic Transmission. Now, with automatic shift plus superior comfort, everyone can enjoy the matchless fun of driving a race-winning sports car. Stick (\$2595*) or automatic (\$2794*), you've got a thoroughbred going for you in this peak-performance, high-powered Sunbeam. Test this tiger, at your Sunbeam dealer. And be sure to ask him about our special money-saving overseas delivery plan.

SUNBEAM ALPINE DESIGNED WITH THE DRIVER IN MIND BY ROOTES

*East P.C.C. White walls and wire wheels optional extra. For information, write Rootes, Motors, 505 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., or 9850 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

SELECTED MAJOR LEAGUE STATISTICS FROM 1963

EFFECTIVE TEAM SCORING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs on base	Runs scoring	Pct scoring
San Francisco	1 528	725	336
St. Louis	2 023	747	369
Milwaukee	1 513	637	264
Cincinnati	1 854	648	295
Philadelphia	1 827	642	249
Los Angeles	1 840	643	249
Chicago	1 761	570	224
Pittsburgh	1 868	567	204
New York	1 612	561	200
Houston	1 670	464	218

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs on base	Runs scoring	Pct scoring
New York	1 952	714	366
Minnesota	1 956	767	394
Boston	1 904	666	350
Cleveland	1 823	625	348
Baltimore	1 856	644	347
Detroit	2 038	700	347
Chicago	1 990	682	343
Washington	1 764	578	328
Kansas City	1 730	619	357
Los Angeles	1 849	597	319

EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	At bats	Opponents hits	BA
Philadelphia (257)	5 355	1 262	238
Los Angeles (256)	5 555	1 319	239
St. Louis (271)	5 504	1 319	241
Milwaukee (264)	5 498	1 317	241
Cincinnati (246)	5 393	1 307	247
Houston (220)	5 424	1 341	246
San Francisco (254)	5 633	1 386	246
Chicago (230)	5 460	1 357	249
Pittsburgh (250)	5 417	1 350	249
New York (273)	5 530	1 452	262

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	At bats	Opponents hits	BA
New York (252)	5 349	1 230	230
Chicago (250)	5 487	1 311	235
Los Angeles (250)	5 451	1 307	242
Minnesota (255)	5 418	1 322	242
Boston (252)	5 570	1 367	246
Baltimore (249)	5 451	1 353	249
Cleveland (239)	5 586	1 394	249
Detroit (252)	5 567	1 407	252
Kansas City (247)	5 547	1 467	266
Washington (277)	5 580	1 486	266

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Straight
from Kentucky:

Kentucky's
light bourbon
in the
broad-shouldered
bottle.



How do you make a light Kentucky bourbon? Start with 133 years of distilling experience. Then: ☐ Use one-quarter inch char in every barrel ☐ Only #1 Government-inspected grains ☐ Only charcoal-filtered water ☐ Distill it twice ☐ Age away one gallon in every five to insure smoothness. The reward is in your glass. Uncommonly fine flavor... unexpected lightness. **Bellows Club Bourbon.**

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STATISTICS continued

BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Times at plate	Times on base	On base pct
Myers, Mi (263)	675	285	.399
H. Aaron, Mi (319)	734	235	.381
Mays, SF (314)	671	255	.380
Robinson, Co (299)	580	220	.379
Coast, SL (319)	704	263	.374
Donnelly, Phil (286)	675	231	.373
Capone, SF (316)	629	230	.366
T. Davis, LA (304)	587	214	.365
Boyer, SL (295)	653	248	.380
White, SL (304)	724	259	.357
Williams, Ch (286)	637	245	.387
Clematis, Pitt (308)	642	237	.364

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Times at plate	Times on base	On base pct
Yastrzemski, Min (321)	668	279	.420
Paceira, LA (304)	684	270	.396
Cash, Del (270)	583	239	.384
Altman, Min (271)	626	236	.377
Kalish, Del (312)	616	236	.383
Trank, NY (285)	614	227	.370
Batley, Min (285)	588	214	.365
F. Robinson, Ch (283)	600	215	.358
Seaborn, KC (272)	644	230	.357
Colts, Del (271)	682	247	.357
Kalish, Min (307)	586	207	.353
Wagner, LA (281)	612	206	.337

EXTRA BASE POWER

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Total hits	Extra-base hits	Pct
McGwire, SF (285)	350	88	.430
Mays, SF (314)	383	77	.412
Clemons, Phil (284)	278	72	.400
Williams, Ch (286)	375	70	.400
Capone, SF (316)	313	64	.389
Coast, SL (319)	382	71	.388
H. Aaron, Mi (319)	251	77	.307
F. Allen, SF (281)	358	69	.377
Mathews, Mi (283)	344	54	.375
Sievers, Phil (265)	309	40	.330
Proctor, Co (232)	254	73	.358
Robinson, Co (299)	325	43	.344

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Total hits	Extra-base hits	Pct
Killebrew, Min (258)	333	63	.434
Phil. Mear (283)	329	59	.434
Altman, Min (271)	343	64	.448
Shapiro, Min (281)	300	71	.404
King, Wash (223)	306	45	.425
Tosh, NY (285)	340	58	.414
Clemons, Del (232)	330	52	.400
Howard, NY (287)	340	55	.383
Brenstad, Min (260)	328	49	.380
Powell, Balt (255)	320	49	.377
Alves, Cleve (274)	365	61	.370
Nicholson, Ch (225)	303	37	.358

EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	At bats	Runs	BA
Koussax, LA (25-5)	1,135	214	.189
Maloney, Ch (23-7)	960	183	.202
Culp, Phil (14-11)	720	148	.206
Edwards, Ch (22-10)	1,063	223	.230
Boggs, SL (18-8)	832	202	.216
Marshall, SF (25-8)	1,197	258	.216
Farrar, Min (14-13)	715	161	.219
Willey, NY (9-14)	677	145	.220
Lemaster, Phil (13-14)	816	199	.227
Tolousa, Co (12-8)	719	162	.232
Gibson, SL (18-5)	962	204	.233
Foster, Pitt (12-16)	1,811	236	.233

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	At bats	Runs	BA
Gonung, NY (13-5)	620	114	.184
Northard, Min (10-12)	648	132	.201
Brulson, NY (21-7)	901	190	.212
Drabowsky, KC (7-13)	639	135	.214
Peters, Ch (13-8)	888	182	.214
McBride, LA (13-12)	968	188	.218
Pizarro, Ch (16-8)	791	177	.224
Pascual, Min (23-5)	916	205	.224
Raines, Cleve (9-8)	690	156	.226
Stapton, Min (15-15)	958	230	.231
Pappas, Balt (16-5)	799	186	.232
Stange, Min (12-8)	621	145	.233

EFFECTIVE BASE STEALING

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Attempts	Stolen bases	Pct.
Mays, Mi	16	14	.875
H. Aaron, Mi	36	31	.861
Clemons, LA	24	19	.792
Proctor, Co	35	27	.771
Altman, SL	17	13	.765
Robinson, Co	34	26	.722
Taylor, Phil	32	23	.719
W. Davis, LA	34	25	.694
White, LA	50	40	.678
Beck, Ch	36	24	.667
Janner, SL	28	18	.643
Clemons, Pitt	35	22	.629

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Attempts	Stolen bases	Pct.
Tierholt, KC	17	16	.941
Richardson, NY	16	15	.938
Wes, Ch	16	15	.938
Aponte, Balt	46	40	.870
McGraw, Ch	19	15	.789
Snyder, Balt	23	18	.783
Wood, Del	23	18	.783
Hansen, Wash	24	25	.729
Gean, Min	16	11	.688
McAuliffe, Del	16	11	.688
Brulson, Del	21	14	.667
Chaves, KC	23	15	.652

How the new Winchesters went on safari with David Ommanney—our man in Africa.

And why we chose Tanganyika as the proving ground for our '64 rifles, shotguns and ammo.



In his Land-Rover, our professional hunter leads the safari across the Serengeti Plain. Nearest you, in his all-Winchester battery, is the new Model 70-458 Magnum. Price \$310.



With gunbearer Salim, Ommanney returns from building leopard blind. Besides great herds of all kinds of plains game, there are many big "cats" in Northern Tanganyika.



This leopard was first of Africa's Big Five to fall to Winchester's new Model 70-300 Magnum (\$154.95). A single shot was enough. "This rifle really lays 'em in," says Ommanney.



New feature on our new Model 70s* is this "free-floating" barrel. The stock's fore end does not touch it. No uneven pressure. Therefore natural vibration, straighter shooting.

*except on the 305 and 435.



A single bullet (Solid) from our new 458 bugged this fine Cape buffalo. It hit him in the left shoulder; was recovered, in perfect shape, from just under the skin of his right shoulder.



This rhino was 100% safe (even from the 458). Like the giraffe and the cheetah, the rhinoceros is "Royal Game" in Tanganyika. We could shoot him only with our cameras.



We took along our new shotguns, of course. Here, Ommanney swings on sand grouse with the '64 Model 1400 automatic (\$134.95). Our new slide-action Model 1200 is \$96.00.



Only shot shell used was our new plastic Super-Speed and Super-X "compression-formed" Mark 5. "I never saw a shell made like it, or one that shoots so hard," said David.



On the last night before we struck camp, our man in Africa summed up: "It warmed my heart to see the new Winchesters at work. The way they did their stuff was smashing."



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Why blow your top over a too-charity engine? Rambler American gives you crisp and snappy going plus proved gas mileage of the Economy King. Top mileage, all economy runs officially entered!

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Got the shakes from rough-road bounce and jounce? Relax with the smooth and solid ride of the beautiful '64 Rambler American. Longer wheelbase, wider front track and great new front suspension make this easy-handling Rambler a joy to drive and own.



Got an earful of squeaks?

Why stand for chirps and rattles? Get the rock-firmness of Advanced Unit Construction in the zesty new Rambler American. Solid! Rugged! Rattle-free! And it offers the lowest prices of any U.S.-built car!*



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Stick floor shift, up to 138-hp engine. Lowest priced U.S.-built convertible*. Insist on more in '64—go Rambler!



Can a humble cotton shirt save this marriage? Tune in below.

As you remember, John, unbeknownst to his wife Mary, had purchased another all-cotton shirt. For Mary, it was another cotton to iron, and this was the last chore. For John, it was give up the cotton-pickin' habit—or the marriage. Luckily, John recalled the salesman's words and reasoned with her. "It's Arrow's Fenway Club, a wash-and-wear that



really works. Irons itself in the washing machine."TM Mary was skeptical. But, when John mentioned the "Sanforized-Plus" label, she believed. Now Mary and John, in his tapered, \$5 Arrow Fenway Club with trim Tabber-Snap collar, live happily every after—after every wash after wash after wash. Now, a word from our sponsor. John's Arrow tie costs \$2.50,

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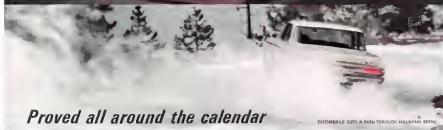
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SCORECARD

THE MAN WITH NO LUCK

Buddy Werner was the best skier America has known, but he had no luck. His racing career encompassed three Winter Olympic Games. At Cortina in 1956 he was green. At Innsbruck this winter he was, as skiers go, an ancient. During one precious week at Squaw Valley in 1960 he should have been at his best—well-blooded in international competition and at the perfect age. Everyone expected him to capture the first men's Alpine Olympic medal in U.S. history. But eight weeks before the Squaw Games he broke a leg, and that precious chance was gone.

There were consolations. Recovered, he increased his collection of major European prizes to more than a dozen. For years he was America's lonely male Alpine challenger amid waves of Austrians, French, Germans and Swiss. It was Werner who broke the difficult trail along which the young Americans, Billy Kidd and Jim Heuga, came to win their historic slalom medals at the Innsbruck Games. Though there were no medals for Werner, skiers felt profound affection for him. On skis he was brave and skilled. As a human being he was modest and generous. When he retired from racing last month Olympic Ski Coach Bob Beattie wept.

The rigors of competition behind him, Werner at 28 looked forward to good years in the high places he loved with his pretty, auburn-haired wife, Vanda. There were many job offers. Last Sunday, after accepting one of them, he was taking part in the filming of a fashion movie for Willy Bogner, German stretch-pants manufacturer. On a Swiss slope an avalanche hit the filming party. It took four hours to find Werner. He had suffocated, as had the champion German women's racer, Barbi Henneberger.

GO SOUTH, YOUNG BALLPLAYER

The last frontier for major league baseball and pro football is the Deep South. As ground was broken for Atlanta's new \$18 million, 53,000-seat stadium, Arthur Montgomery, chairman of the stadium

authority, announced that the city had been assured of a major league baseball occupant for 1965 season, when, the contractor says, the stadium will be ready.

Stadium authority representatives say further that a professional football team is expressing interest in a move to Atlanta and the rumor around the National Football League has been that the team is none other than the St. Louis Cardinals. Actually, the Cardinals seem to have little reason to move. They definitely made money last year, according to Charles Bidwill Jr., St. Louis president, who attributes the rumors to the fact that Cardinal representatives visited Atlanta to discuss putting on an exhibition game there this fall.

BAD BRAKES AT DAYTONA

After testing 19 leading brands of brake linings at the Daytona International Speedway, the National Association for Stock Car Advancement and Research (NASCAR) found that 14 of them did not meet minimum safety standards. Only five brands passed the test, and some of these were not so good either.

Legislation, as recommended last year by the American Automobile Association, is clearly needed in these days of the 70 mph turnpike, but in the meantime what is the motorist to do? NASCAR suggests seeking out "only the most reputable brand names" and reliance on a good mechanic. "A mechanic who installs inferior brake-lining material not only risks serious and costly accidents," NASCAR points out, "but also risks losing his customers—permanently."

CONTRIBUTION TO CONFUSION

With weeks in which to study the films, ABC's *Wide World of Sports* had plenty of time to put together a rational account of the Clay-Liston heavyweight title fight and thus help clear up confusion compounded by persistent rumors of a fix (SI, April 13).

Instead, ABC muddled the situation even more. The confusion began at the outset with Interlocutor Jim McKay's flat assertion that Clay's victory was "the

biggest upset in boxing history," though, in fact, Jim Braddock was a 10 to 1 underdog when he took the heavyweight championship from Max Baer. It continued with a description of a punch that landed flush on Liston's nose as a "slicing" attempt to open the cuts under his left eye even more.

Some of Clay's light blows, delivered with half-open glove, were gratuitously interpreted as attempts to stick a thumb in Liston's eye.

Worst of all, however, was McKay's closing hint that, what with the fight's "intricate" financial arrangements and the fact that Liston quit on his stool, there might have been justification for reports of a fix.

"Form your own conclusion," said McKay.

Our conclusion is that ABC could and should have done better.

COMBI-COLA

Who says a good diet has to be dull? If you want to be slim, fit and germ-free, but are bored by isometrics, 50-mile hikes, carrot sticks and yogurt, consider the latest diet from behind the Iron Curtain—caviar and near beer. Ten days of it and you shake the world.

According to experts on the shores of the Caspian Sea, the only food that can be totally assimilated as muscular and



nervous energy is caviar, which has, furthermore, barely one-fifth the caloric content of the not-quite-so-expensive spread. To wash down the caviar, Dmitri Korolev of the Soviet Soft Drink Institute recommends kvass, a kind of near beer the Russians brewed in modest quantities even before they invented

continued

Coca-Cola. Now they have perfected a quick fermentation process that will permit mass production of kvass. Basically rye grains, malt and sugar, the concoction has magic medicinal qualities of a kind that advertising men dream of. It has a slight (.5% to 2%) alcoholic content. It invigorates. It refreshes. It quenches thirst. It benefits digestion, metabolism, the nervous system, cells, bones and heart. It kills bacteria, too, probably on contact.

It also tastes like a mixture of wine, cider and soda pop, the Soviet Soft Drink Institute let slip. If so, the Institute should try it first on the Red Chinese.

CHEERY NOTE FOR YANKEE-HATERS

The Las Vegas oddsmakers list the New York Yankees at an odds-on 1 to 3 to win the American League pennant. Numerologists, on the other hand, are studying prices on the other teams. They have noted that never in history have the Yankees won a pennant in a year ending in the figure 4. The Yanks were second in 1904; sixth in 1914; second in 1924; second in 1934; third in 1944; and second in 1954. This is 1964.

SCHOOL FOR NONSLUGGERS

The wane of amateur boxing in this country may be attributed, perhaps, to the low estate of the professional sport, where there are precious few heroes for the young to emulate. Or it might be attributed to our highly disorganized approach to control of the amateur game. At any rate, it is a situation that bodes no good for our performance in the Olympics. In Rome we took four medals to Russia's five. This year the situation looks worse for us, better for the U.S.S.R.

To develop their boxers, according to the French sporting newspaper, *L'Équipe*, the Russians have a system that works better than their agriculture. Boxers are divided into juniors and seniors and achieve qualification by age, ability proved in official bouts and even examinations on techniques, tactics and behavior in the ring. Before he can even get into a ring a boxer must be apprenticed for a year. It takes him two years to qualify for regional championships, three years for national or international competition. Only top senior boxers are permitted to score knockouts. The others win on the first knockdown. A first-round knockdown eliminates both con-

testants and is intended to be a cure for overferocity as well as poor defense. A senior boxer who has been knocked out must wait three months before he even resumes training and one year before competing. After the third knockout of his career, or after two knockouts in two years, the senior loses his license. Juniors must retire after two kayos.

It is a stiff system, rigidly enforced, and it works. The Soviet Union's senior boxers number 200,000, and there are almost half a million juniors.

A SWITCH ON GAFFS

The gaff, a largish hook for snagging big fish after they have been reeled in, has always been a useful but awkward part of the fisherman's kit. Now from Japan comes a switchblade device called the Surf and Stream Auto Gaff ("for automatic single-hand operation"). It measures just nine inches when closed, and obviously is an offshoot of the switchblade stiletto, long a status symbol in the asphalt jungle. Push a button on the handle, and the gaff hook springs out to lock in place and become a 17-inch instrument ideal for impaling stripers and bluefish in the surf. When closed, the gaff hook is recessed safely into the handle. There is a belt clip, a wrist thong and even a safety that prevents accidental exposure of the hook. Folded, it fits into a small tackle box or a pants pocket and, provided that it is kept out of reach of children and angry wives, it should be a useful addition to any angler's equipment. Cost: about \$3.50.

STILL A STAR

For 10 years Paul Arizin of the Philadelphia Warriors was one of the most outstanding stars in the National Basketball Association's galaxy. When Edie Gottlieb decided to abandon Philadelphia for San Francisco, Arizin decided it was as good a time as any to abandon the constant drill and travel of the NBA season. Besides, he had a good job in the off season with IBM, which was anxious to take him on permanently.

Arizin had performed notably for the Warriors in those 10 seasons. He led them to the 1956 championship, three times made All-NBA, twice topped the league in scoring and finished his career as second-ranking alltime scorer, with 16,266 points.

But Arizin could not stay away entirely from the game he loves. He decided to "keep active" with the Camden (N.J.) Bullets of the less arduous Eastern Bas-

ketball League. This season Arizin added another page to his illustriously crammed scrapbook. He led the Bullets to the EBL title. The last time Camden had won such a title was in 1920.

BRADSHAW ON THE FREE PRESS

When newsmen reported that a Negro had gone out for the University of Kentucky football team on opening day of spring practice, Coach Charlie Bradshaw declared that sportswriters would be barred from practice. Further, he lectured the press on its duties and responsibilities.

"In reporting our practices," he said, "I think the writer should ask himself, 'Will this help or hurt the university?' and that he should be guided by that." The story about the Negro should have been suppressed, he explained, "until it became news," and it would be news only if the young man made the team. (He has since quit the squad.)

Later, Bradshaw lifted the ban on writers at practice.

Bradshaw's stand is not at all unusual in sport (for politics, or business, for that matter). The truly sorry fact is that so many reporters take it lying down and report as fans, when their true function is to report as critics. Consider Bradshaw's approving evaluation of sportswriters who cover the Southeastern Conference: "Those writers never would write a line detrimental to their school." If true, that must make for very dull and uninformative sports pages.

Universities that are sensitive about academic freedom but permit bulldozing of newsmen with threats of exclusion from news sources betray their charters.

THEY SAID IT

- Alva Sten, parks and recreation director of Waco, Texas, on the installation of outdoor electricity outlets in huge Cameron Park: "They're for those who like to bring their TV sets, electric grills and fans—and rough it."
- Bobby Bragan, Milwaukee manager, after watching Bobby Bragan Jr. play the outfield for Mississippi State: "He went 0 for 4 for the old man. They say it's hereditary."
- Phil Rizzuto, on Yogi Berra's managerial aptitudes: "He smokes big cigars and props his feet on tops of tables."
- Tulane Coach Tommy O'Boyle, on his team's 1964 football prospects: "They are bright. We're like a horse who was 40 lengths behind and is now only 20 lengths behind."

END



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Deep down inside, it's a Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen built for 2.

It's our VW Karmann Ghia. It wasn't brought up with our other Volkswagens. Ghia of Turin designed it as a runabout. But its lines are so sculptured, half the work has to be done by hand.

Should we make it anyhow? Oh, why not—a company's only young once.

So we called in one of the finest coaches.

makers in Europe, Karmann of Osnabrück. Where it takes 185 men for the handwork on the body alone. Every seam is welded, ground down, filed and sanded by hand.

It corners with any sports car. And holds
the worst barrelop roads at 70.

But don't let its prima donna look fool you. The engine and chassis are right out of our VW Sedan.

No \$100 carburetors. No \$40 tuneups.

And the price includes the little things you'd put in a car if you made it yourself. A defroster for the rear window. Adjustable bucket seats. A soundproofed interior. Even the electric clock.

All for \$2,295* for the coupe,
\$2,495* for the convertible.
\$4,790* a set.

A MASTER TO TOP THEM ALL

by ALFRED WRIGHT

He said it was his greatest triumph, and when he achieved it late last Sunday afternoon, becoming the first man ever to win the Masters championship four times, there was no reason to doubt Arnold Palmer's assessment of his feat. Months without a victory on the tour, he had heard increasing talk that his career was in eclipse, that he could no longer summon forth the intensity of will and concentration required to win a major title. His answer was a show of majestic golf in the event he treasures most. He led, in effect, from the first tee shot to the last putt—a birdie putt, of course. He won by six strokes, and his 276 total was the second best score in the tournament's history. His attack on the course was beautifully planned and perfectly executed. So overwhelming was his performance that the impact of it seemed strangely muted. It was a four-day sports conquest best savored day by day as it developed to the seemingly inevitable climax that left Arnie once again the Masters' master.

CONTINUED





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SLUGGERS, TONSILS AND LOVE

THURSDAY. A weird yellow globular object startled the natives at dawn this morning as it rose in the east above the green pines and red clay of Augusta, Ga. A few hours later out at the Augusta National Golf Club, people shaded their eyes and chattered with excitement over the phenomenon called sunlight that warmed the spongy hills and damp foliage after days and days of rain. A couple of gallant octogenarians named Jack Hutchison and Fred McLeod, champions of an earlier, more graceful era, stepped stiffly down the first fairway in pursuit of their drives, and the 28th Masters championship was under way.

This was going to be, the experts agreed, a slugger's tournament. There would be little bounce and roll on the marshy fairways. The sluggers of golf are, of course, Jack Nicklaus, the 24-year-old defending champion and favorite to repeat, and Arnold Palmer, a three-time winner of the tournament trying for an unprecedented fourth. By the end of the day, however, five men of widely varying strength and reputation were in the lead with scores of 69, three strokes under par. Palmer was one of them, and so was Gary Player, who had been fighting a bad attack of tonsillitis and sounded like Andy Devine when he talked. The other three were Kel Nagle, a middle-aged Australian; Bob Goalby, a husky young man who once played quarterback for Illinois; and Davis Love Jr., a little-known 29-year-old.

The day had started on a quiet note. All through the morning and early afternoon the course lay quiet, lovely and stolid, daring the golfers to prove its vulnerability. But the minutes of waiting slipped on into hours before, finally, the first heartfelt roar went up from the big gallery. Player, who had been cruising along smoothly at even par, had sunk a 12-foot putt on the 9th green, and up went the first red (for sub-par) figure on the scoreboards that record the progress of the 10 most prominent contenders. Moments later, as if in reply to the roar of Player's gallery, Arnie's Army cheered with unrestrained feeling when he birdied 8 to join Player in the red.

These minor intruders, like a scratch single in a tightly pitched ball game, seemed to break the resistance of the course, and golfer after golfer came alive with birdies. Nagle, Goalby, Dave Marr and Nicklaus all went under par. And then, as if as a special gift to the whooping and hollering galleries that have in recent years given the Masters a kind of carnival feeling, Billy Joe Patton got hot with three birdies and an eagle. Ever since he almost stole

the tournament from Ben Hogan and Sam Snead in 1954, Billy Joe, now 41, has been to the Masters galleries what Lillian Russell was to the gay blades at Rector's in the '90s. They drove their cars all the way from his native North Carolina to cheer his flamboyant triumphs and groan over his equally spectacular disasters. As sunset was near, Billy Joe came gaily up the 18th fairway, his gallery yelping at his heels. He was still three under and needed only a par 4 to tie for the lead. Walking just ahead of him was his playing partner, Hogan, a gray-haired but leaner-than-last-year 51. The huge gallery surrounding the 18th green in the late afternoon shadows applauded these two survivors of so much Masters drama as if they were heroes returning from foreign wars. Anticlimactically, Billy Joe three-putted to end with a 70 for the day.

But it was Arnold Palmer's round that injected the most electricity into opening day. Because he had not won a championship since the Whitemarsh Open last October, people were saying that Palmer was in trouble. They preferred to overlook statistics showing he is fourth on the list of 1964 money winners, the leader by far in Ryder Cup points and first in the Vardon Trophy standings, which list the average number of strokes per tournament round.

Coming to the formidable 15th hole, where it takes two very large shots to clear the pond in front of the green, Palmer was two under par. Up to this point virtually all the golfers had been playing 15 cautiously, laying their second shots up in front of the pond and lofting short wedges across it. Palmer decided to go for the green in two. While his shot was still in the air the Army that was six deep along both sides of the fairway let loose a tremendous cheer in appreciation of his gallantry. His audacity rewarded him with a birdie 4.

On a course that was supposed to favor strength over cunning, Nicklaus was several times the victim of his own immense power. On these occasions he drove the ball past the area on the fairway that had been mowed closest, leaving himself thick and difficult lies. For the most part, though, his trouble was in his putter, for he reached all of the 18 putting areas in par or less yet never took fewer than two putts to get the ball in the hole. On the 18th he three-putted from 15 feet for the bogey that raised his score to 71. "You can't win golf tournaments when you take 37 putts a round," Jack said later. Nobody disagreed.

Pleasing and predictable as it was to find the Palmers and Players in the forefront of the contest, it was a special treat to discover a Davis Love right there with them, however briefly. An amiable man from Texas, Love first qualified for the Masters 10 years ago by reaching the quarter-finals of the U.S. Amateur championship at the age of 19. On being told that he would be eligible for the Masters the following spring, he produced a remark that is still cherished among golfers. "Gee, that's a good deal," he had said. "Where they playin' it next year?" In the interim, Love's golfing accomplishments have been among life's better-kept secrets, so his success, and Patton's, lent a special gusto to a Masters opening day that was bright and friendly. In a sense, it was their day, because their fame had to be fleeting. It is the way of things. The less romantic noted three points: Player had scrambled to his 69; Nicklaus was not putting; Palmer had rarely looked sharper.

Grimacing Gary Player blasts into kind of shot that enabled him to take advantage of course's softness and tie for first-day lead.

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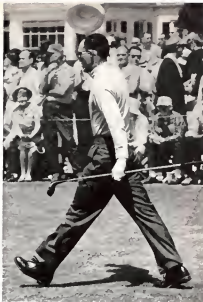
HATS WERE OFF—TO ARNIE

FRIDAY. This day, brilliant, glorious, more perfect even than the one just past, was Arnold Palmer's. He played against an alien army, he played against Chi Chi Rodriguez, he played against the field—and he vanquished them all with ease. It was too fitting to believe, but then something special goes on between Palmer and the Masters. It is a kind of love affair. He regards the Masters with a reverence that he offers no other tournament, and the Masters galleries regard him, in turn, as a chosen son. He may not win a tournament for six months, he may pile double bogey upon bogey, he may shoot a 112, but he will always be their Arnie. Now came tiny Chi Chi with a lively little guerrilla army that called itself *Bandidos* and his own hat-waving, jig-dancing, bowing, irreverent ways. Interlopers on sacred soil, but exciting interlopers.

As Palmer walked to the first tee to play what was going to be the single most interesting 18 holes of this tournament, he looked fit and happy. The eight pounds he had gained since he stopped smoking rode easily on him, and he has not gained any in recent weeks, though his wife Winnie testifies that he has become a nonstop nibbler. Winnie described his mood as "relaxed, joking, pleasant—here yet not here," by which she meant that his mind was mostly out on the golf course in that semidetached, uncomplicated way it gets when he is playing golf in earnest.

The only minor flaw in Palmer's well-being was a slight skin irritation on his face. He had worn a peaked cap (see page 19) on Thursday to protect himself from the bright spring sunshine. Arnie's Army didn't like the cap and kept yelling to him to take it off—this being an army that never hesitates to advise its general. Winnie, who thinks her husband looks bad in all hats and caps—"balloon-headed," she called him on Thursday—bought him a tennis-type white visor, and talked him into wearing it. The Army conceded it was an improvement. Chi Chi, a flamboyant Puerto Rican whose on-course antics frequently annoy and upset the other tournament pros, had a hat of his own. It was straw, it was dashing and it had a nice wide brim that made it easy to grab if you wanted to take it off and wave it at the gallery, which Chi Chi wanted to do on every possible occasion. In spite of his ebullient behavior, or maybe because of it, he is an excellent golfer. He weighs 116 pounds, including hat, yet he is one of the longest drivers in the game. Arnie's huge gathering of Georgia followers was eager to see its commanding officer put the bouncy Chi Chi in his place.

The match was hardly under way when a plane flew overhead trailing a banner reading GO ARNIE GO, an answer to the hundreds of CHI CHI'S BANDIDOS buttons that were



Striding confidently off the first tee on Friday, Rodriguez gives the amused gallery the gala salute that was soon to be famous.

pinned on many blouses and shirts in the all-but-raucous crowd. The plane was followed by another advertising the thrice-nightly appearances of Miss Patti White, a stripper at Augusta's Bon Air Hotel. Neither of these aerial demonstrations pleased Palmer. (And the less said the better about the startling arrival of Patti herself on the putting green on Thursday—tight pants, low-cut blouse and sandals.)

Nothing about the early part of Chi Chi vs. Arnie foretold the fireworks to come. Palmer was hitting brilliant iron shots at the pin, just as he had the day before, and he made the turn in an effortless 35. But Rodriguez stuck right with him. Not only that, Chi Chi was outdriving Palmer and taking deep bows or doffing his hat in mock salute every time the gallery gave him—or Arnie—a cheer. His behavior seemed to get to Arnie. The dignity of the Masters was being trifled with, and Palmer began to look more purposeful with every step.

Finally, at the par-5 13th, the break came. Arnie outdrove Chi Chi by about a yard, but both were well around the bend of this crescent-shaped fairway and had clear shots over the water and to the green. Chi Chi hit a beautiful three-wood onto the green and bowed deeply to the gallery. His followers went wild. You could feel Palmer burn. He took a one-iron out of his bag (get that, Chi Chi: an iron, not a wood) and hit a truly memorable shot. It landed within a foot of the flagstick and ran five feet past. It was a magnificent, dead, "take that" stroke. Chi Chi was

done. The cards were on the table, and he had been called.

Chi Chi then three-putted, and a lot of the bend went out of his bow. Arnold himself missed his five-footer for an eagle, but he tapped in for his birdie 4. A couple of minutes later, at 15, where he hit a long second shot into the gallery to the right of the green—that is the safe side, and he wanted to be there—Palmer rolled in a 35-foot putt for another birdie to go five under par for the tournament. "That," said Winnie, "is the first putt Arnie has sunk in three months. It could really help his confidence."

At the par-3 16th, Palmer hit his five-iron tee shot to within six feet of the pin and sank the putt for a birdie. On the 17th he hit his approach to within eight feet and missed the putt by an inch. Par. On the 18th he put a four-iron 10 feet from the pin and sank that one for his fourth birdie in six holes. When the putt rolled in he purposefully contained his own exuberance, and merely smiled at the crowd.

Palmer's 68 was nearly flawless, one of the finest rounds of his competitive career. It was so stunning, so overpowering, that it seemed astonishing to find anyone even close to him at the end of the day. But people were, of course. Gary Player, with an even-par 72, was just four strokes back. Gary's card, which showed only a single bogey and a single birdie, indicated a much steadier round than he actually played. He had to one-putt six of the greens to get his pars, and on the 13th he had to hole an almost unbelievable 45-footer for a par. "The putt had to go over two humps in the green and curve two or three different ways to get to the hole," Gary said. "I got a sore neck watching it."

Right behind Player were Don January and Gene Littler. January had an otherwise splendid round spoiled by a triple-bogey 6 on 12, where he hit two shots into the pond fronting the green and then chipped into the cup.

The pairing of Billy Joe Patton and Tony Lema, an inspired piece of casting by the tournament committee, produced the expected drama. Inspired by Billy Joe's fierce attack on the course and its forests, Lema turned in a 68, taking only 27 putts in the process. Billy Joe was as wild and woolly as ever, but the putts didn't go down as well as they had the day before, so it took him 74 shots to get around, leaving him tied at even-par 144 with Jack Nicklaus and 10 others. Nicklaus, who was again struggling with his putter, had a lackluster 73. When he had walked off 18 after all his putts the day before, he had still looked happy. This time he signed his card, was motionless for a second, then threw the pencil to the ground—a fleeting public trace of deep disappointment that was immediately replaced by his usual semismile. And Davis Love? Oh yes. It took only six holes for the Augusta National course to wrench him back to even par, and reality.

The question on everyone's mind by sundown was whether Palmer could maintain his extraordinary concentration now that he had a comfortable four-stroke lead. And was the lead so comfortable? Thinking about it, Jack Nicklaus said, "If Arnold has a normal round, anyone who is at par or better can catch him. But if he keeps playing like this, forget it." Bobby Jones, whose tournament this is, put it another way. "I don't pay much attention to what happens the first two days," he told some friends. "That's just jockeying for position." Which is true, but Palmer had proved himself quite a jockey.

3RD

A CHASE ON A TREADMILL

SATURDAY. This was the day of pursuit, the day everyone had to chase Arnold Palmer. But all who are old enough to watch television or read *Little Red Ridinghood* know there can be no suspense in a chase unless the pursued is in some danger of being caught. And stroke by stroke, hole by hole, the chance of anybody catching Arnold Palmer was disappearing as surely as morning dew. Palmer himself, who has always in the past seemed to need the nourishment of theatrics to perform at his best, ignored his usual tendency to give a big lead away and shot another excellent 69. No one could get closer than five shots. By the time the sellout gallery of 40,000 (the gates were locked before Palmer teed off) had finally wandered off at the end of the day and left the Augusta National's green acres looking like a dump heap, Palmer stood 10 strokes under par for the tournament—five better than Bruce Devlin, a young Australian who observed, "The way Arnold is playing, I guess the rest of us are just shooting for second place." Bruce, of course, did not remember that Sunday in Augusta in 1962 when Palmer went from six strokes up on Player to three down in a stretch of only seven holes. The experienced knew it still could be a chase for real.

For the third straight day, the weather was sublime. It was sunny, yet cool enough for many of the golfers to play in light sweaters, and just the tickle of a breeze kept the air fresh. "It's super out there, and it's been that way for three days," Gary Player croaked hoarsely to one and all. "I don't think I've ever seen playing conditions any better," Palmer said. But then he paused and added, "I don't know if I've ever seen the pin placements any tougher." Even so, 19 players broke par, compared with only 11 on Friday and 15 on Thursday. There seems to be no accounting for the astrophysical whims that produce such variations, except perhaps that a field in pursuit has to go for birdies.

Palmer's round was not the inhuman masterpiece of the day before. It was flawed in spots, and the very step back from perfection was both refreshing and tantalizing. It also enabled him, for example, to answer the question of whether he would play safe to protect his lead—a form of behavior that has little place in the Palmer scheme of things—or once again go out and shake the golf course by the scruff of its neck. Naturally, he chose the latter route, as was obvious on the 11th hole, where he took his only bogey of the day.

The 11th is as difficult a par as there is at Augusta. Even after a fine drive on this 445-yard par-4, a long and extremely accurate second shot is necessary to avoid the pond that cuts into the left front of the green. The bold player will hit for the right side of the green on his second and try to draw the ball from right to left. In doing this, Arnold produced a

continued

hook that dumped his ball in the pond. After dropping, he played a superbly delicate chip of at least 60 yards, and the ball stopped no more than an inch from the cup.

At the 13th, he tried to hook his drive around the corner of the dogleg to insure himself a birdie on this par-5, or possibly an eagle. He duck-hooked the ball well into the woods and had to loft it out with a wedge through a pine-cone-sized opening in the thick foliage. From there he salvaged a par. These two forays in brinkmanship were just the stimulant he needed. He immediately ran in three straight birdies for his 69. Palmer always says the second nine is the hardest at Augusta—and he always destroys it.

The chase after Palmer now looked desperate indeed, and some surprising people were making it. The closest was Devlin. This skinny, boyish Australian, who arrived in the U.S. in January with no greater ambition than to finish among the top 50 money winners on the pro tour, had started the day at even par—seven strokes behind Arnie. Two birdies on the first nine and another at No. 12 brought him no closer to the leader, but he had another birdie at 13 and then an eagle 3 at 15, where he sank a 25-foot putt.

Dave Marr was closest to Palmer throughout most of the afternoon and finally ended up six strokes behind him. Never in his five years on the tour has this slight, 30-year-old Houstonian played better golf, and no one was more pleased than his fellow pros. The son of a golf pro who died when Dave was still a boy, Marr belongs to an exclusive and distinguished fraternity of players who are known as "Claude's boys," men who honed their skills as assistants to Claude Harmon at Winged Foot. Because he does not hit the ball as far as the likes of Palmer and Nicklaus, Marr must play his approaches and putts with infinite finesse to keep ahead of the big hitters. This year he is suddenly learning that he is a much better golfer than he thought he was. Nobody expected him to play the long Augusta course so well, least of all himself.

A stroke behind Marr, there was a three-way tie among Peter Butler, the British PGA champion, Gary Player and indestructible old Jim Ferrer. Of these three, Player should not have been there; he should have been two strokes better off, tied with Devlin. Gary, playing late in the afternoon, had been chugging along steadily at par and losing a few strokes to Palmer when he suddenly got hot on the back nine with birdies at the 13th, 15th and 16th. Maybe there was going to be a chase after all. Nope. Player bounced his drive through the pine trees on 17 and ricocheted one off a spectator's folding chair on 18. These lapses cost him two bogeys and any real chance on Sunday.

Poor Jack Nicklaus—if such an adjective may be used to describe one of sport's most prosperous athletes—failed for the third straight day to get the ball into the hole with his putter. It is, however, a tribute to this exceptional golfer that his 71 should be regarded as something of a failure when it would be a triumph for almost anyone else. And there was one moment on Saturday when Nicklaus proved his character as no victory ever could. On the watery 12th hole, where he stood even par after a loosely played first nine and a good birdie at the 11th, he shanked his tee shot. That's right, he shanked it. The ball barely missed a press tower as it shot off at a crazy angle some 100 yards to the right. It was as if Helen Hayes had fallen flat

on her face while making her opening night entrance. Jack's embarrassment before the enormous gallery was painful to see, but after he had overcome his surprise he grinned foolishly and said, "I thought I'd play it safe."

So Saturday was, after all, not so much of a chase as a panting struggle after Palmer. And as happens so often at the Masters, there was one specially heartwarming round turned in that added immeasurably to the day. This one was by Ben Hogan. It was a 67, and it was golf played the way Hogan played in his prime—lovely, intelligent drives and irons hit with such awesome authority that, as Marr described it, "He is playing a different game than the rest of us." True, it left Hogan still nine strokes behind Palmer, but that didn't matter at all. Only the very young and very practical would look at Hogan's score at dusk and then note aloud that if Palmer shot a 67 on Sunday he would have a 273 and break the scoring record for the Masters—Ben Hogan's record.



Short-hitting Dave Marr, whose wife had dreams of buying a house, kept within sight of Palmer with a sensational display of putting.

4TH

NO WORRIES FOR WINNIE

SUNDAY. At 5:26 this sunny afternoon what had seemed inevitable since late Friday afternoon, but actually had not been, finally happened. With his customary flair for the dramatic, Arnold Palmer sank a 25-foot putt on the 18th green to become the first and only four-time winner of the Masters. No achievement in modern golf compares with it except Ben Hogan's four victories in the U.S. Open. During his four hours on the Augusta National course this day two challengers had arisen—one large, famous and expectable; the other slim, far from renown, and surprising—and both had been shaken off by this new Arnie, one who, it would seem, prefers to get ahead and stay there instead of charging frantically from behind.

When Palmer teed off, his score for the first three rounds was 69-68-69. "At the start of the tournament," Arnold said, "I told all the reporters what score I thought would win, somewhere between 276 and 278, and I had tried to set that as my point of aim. So when I began today's round I figured I could win if I shot a 72, which would put me at 278. Since Bruce Devlin was five strokes behind me, he would have had to shoot 66 to win, and that's a pretty tough assignment on the final day of the Masters. I was going out there to shoot my 72, and if I had a chance to do better than that, well, of course, I would try it."

Someone asked Palmer if he had given any thought to Hogan's record, which had been set in 1953 when the tournament also had four days of weather as perfect as this week's had been.

"Yes," Arnold answered with delightful frankness. "When I started thinking about it was at the 12th hole, when I hit a tee shot that I thought was pretty good. I was 10 under par then, so I would need four birdies to tie the record. If I made that putt at 12 I would be one under par for the round, and I had 13 and 15 coming up, where I should be able to make birdies."

"But when I missed the putt at 12 and three-putted at 13 I kind of lost my incentive to tie the record. Then when I birdied 14 and 15, my hopes went up again. If I had sunk that putt at 16 it would have made a lot of difference. But I missed it."

Yet this was by no means as cut-and-dried a victory as it may have sounded when you listened to Palmer sitting in the clubhouse with his winning 276—the second best score ever shot at the Masters—and chatting about breaking records. The two men who finished second, Jack Nicklaus and Dave Marr, had both pressed him before eventually winding up six strokes back.

There was a time back at the 10th hole when Palmer had to give some very careful thought to Marr, who was his playing partner this day. Marr had started six strokes be-

hind, but was playing some extraordinary golf. He was sinking putts from everywhere but under water, and he turned the first nine in three-under-par 33 to Palmer's 35. When Palmer three-putted the 10th for a bogey the two men were separated by a mere three strokes, and three strokes at Augusta can vanish as fast as a politician's promise. As Marr strode briskly down the fairway of the 11th hole in pursuit of a drive he had hooked into the rough, his pretty blonde wife, Susan, was mentally measuring him for the green jacket of a Masters champion. But moments later Marr missed a three-foot putt for his par on 11, probably the first makeable putt he failed to sink in the tournament. And moments after that he hit a poor iron off the 12th tee that plopped into the pond in front of the green, skipped up on the bank momentarily and then fell back into the water. This caused him to take his second bogey in a row. The three-stroke difference was now five, and Susan Marr decided Dave doesn't really look good in green anyway.

Jack Nicklaus, on the other hand, had come alive at last. He had been putting atrociously all week, but he was now playing the kind of muscular golf that can make him seem a good deal larger than human. At the 13th, where a lot of the best pros are unable to reach the green in two, he used a driver and a five-iron, then fanned in a two-foot putt for an eagle. At the 15th, which measures 520 yards, he hit an easy seven-iron for his second, and it carried over the green. He still got his birdie, and now the nine shots by which he had trailed Palmer at the beginning of the day were down to four. At the 16th, a good 200 yards from the back tee, he hit a massive seven-iron 12 feet from the hole. "I thought I had a chance if I could make the putt," he said. When it missed, Jack sank to his knees, his biggest show of emotion of the week.

The kind of slugging Nicklaus was doing can shorten a golf course by five or six strokes, and he was more than justified in his belief, which he was to mention later, that he could have reduced his five-under-par 67 by at least five additional strokes if he had only been able to sink some short putts. As it was, he never got another birdie after the 15th.

By the time Palmer reached the 18th tee he knew he was the 1964 Masters champion, and he also knew that Dave Marr needed a birdie to tie Nicklaus for second. "What can I do to help you?" he asked Marr.

"Shoot a 12," Marr cracked. Marr, however, did his own work on this hole when he sank a downhill 30-foot putt for the birdie he needed to tie Nicklaus for runner-up. The putt was worth roughly \$2,000 to him, the difference between third-place money and the \$10,100 he and Nicklaus each received for second. An hour earlier, when Susan Marr realized her husband had relinquished second place to Nicklaus, she sighed as she thought about the size of the runner-up purse, usually in the neighborhood of \$12,000. "We could have made a payment on a house for that," said this mother of two, whose home is an apartment in New Rochelle, N.Y. Among those strung out behind Marr and Nicklaus were Devlin at 284 and Player at 286. Lema and Hogan were at 287, and Chi Chi could be found at 290. Davis Love made \$850 for finishing 34th, and Amateur Billy Joe got nothing but fun out of ending up 37th. Such is the fate of some Masters leaders.

continued

Palmer regarded his fourth Masters title as about the greatest achievement of his golfing career. "I played here as I would like to be able to play in every tournament," he said. "Of course, I wish I'd done a lot of things I didn't do—you always feel that way even when you win—but I got a lot of satisfaction out of the way I played. It seems to me I waste a couple of shots every week I play—careless shots and careless putts. It seems to be the way I am. This week I decided not to be careless."

"Did you waste any shots here?" someone asked. "Frankly, no," he said. "I hit some shots that were not too good, but they weren't careless shots."

"You know," he went on, "I started this year unhappy about some of the things I had done last year. I won some tournaments, but I didn't win a major championship. One thing I was very definite about in my mind when I started the year was that I would try my best to win at least one major championship if I did nothing else."

"I can't say I was aiming particularly at the Masters, because if you go around saying you are aiming at a particular tournament and then you don't qualify, what are you going to say? If I aim at a tournament and don't win it, then I just go on and aim at the next one. So it would be ridiculous to say that I began by aiming just at the Masters, although that's the one I wanted first."

"I didn't start out playing too well at the beginning of the year. I don't want to blame it on any one thing, but it was a great mental and psychological block for me when I quit smoking a couple of months ago. I've licked that now, and I came to this tournament with a great many things depending on it."

"When I got here I felt as great as I have in years. I was hitting the ball solidly, and I felt that from tee to green I was O.K. But on the green I wasn't so sure. When you go from one tournament to another, no matter how well you are hitting the ball, you are never too sure about your putting. It's sort of like checking out a plane with new spark-plugs. You're not sure whether they will all work."

"After the first round here my putting was good, and I felt a little confidence. After the second round I felt better yet, but I was still not sure. I was looking forward to playing now, and I was a little more certain of what I could do. Now, after the four rounds, I really feel like playing."

Whatever this bodes for the future, and his opponents hesitate to think, Arnold Palmer has every reason to be proud of his memorable performance at Augusta. Though he does not know it, he even did his wife a special favor. As she watched Arnie walk up 18 on Friday he was five strokes ahead of the field. She noted that she had never been able to get through the crowd to see Arnie sink the winning putt at a Masters. "Wouldn't it be nice," she said, "if he had a five-stroke lead when we were walking up 18 on Sunday? Then I wouldn't even have to care about what was happening on the green." Sunday afternoon a grinning Arnie came up 18 with a five-stroke lead, and Winnie didn't have a worry in the world.

END



As his birdie putt on 18 slides past the hole, Defending Champion Jack Nicklaus slips to his knees, his last hope for victory gone.

DING SCORES

2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
5	4	3	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	3	4	4
10	10	11	10	10	11	11	11	10	10	10	10					
5	6	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	6	5	5					
4	5	5	5	4	4	3	2	0	0	0	0					
4	5	4	3	3	3			3	3	3	4					
2	2	2	1	1	2	2	3	2	2	3	5	5	6			
3	2	2	2	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1				
4	4	4	3	3	2	3	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	2	2	
7	7	6	5	5	5	6	5	5	3	3	4	4	5	5	4	
0	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2	3	3	4	2	2	

NOTES

MESSAGE FOR



THE ROOKIE FROM WAMPUM, PA.

Richie Allen, who will play third base for the Phillies this season, may be the best first-year man in baseball—which would be no surprise to the folks in Wampum, or even in Little Rock by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Every year there are two big parades in Philadelphia. One is the Mummers' extravaganza on New Year's Day, when men wearing spangled costumes and feathers atop their heads strum banjos and weave all over Broad Street. The other is the one to third base in Connie Mack Stadium.

Since 1959 nearly four million people have sat in pained fascination and watched 25 different and generally incompetent souls trot out to third for the Phillies, some even weaving from side to side themselves before falling

flat on their faces. This week, as the baseball season begins, No. 26 trots out. His name is Richie Allen, and he just might be capable of turning Philadelphia back into a one-parade town.

Allen is only one of 16 rookies who will be in the starting lineups this week, and he is one of four in the National League who will begin the season at third base for contending clubs. The others are John Werhas of the Los Angeles Dodgers, Jim Ray Hart of the San Francisco Giants and Haraldo Salton (Chico) Ruiz of the Cincinnati Reds.

The season offers a baseball fan his choice of rookies in all sizes, shapes, colors and languages, as well as with nearly every conceivable background. A wealthy man, for instance, might settle on Maurice Wesley Parker III, a switch-hitting outfielder-first baseman for the Los Angeles Dodgers who took no bonus money for signing because his dad is loaded—industrial real-estate developing, big home in Brentwood, swimming pool, guest house, membership in the exclusive Los Angeles Country Club and all that. A poor man might choose Out-



fielder Tony Oliva of the Minnesota Twins, whose sole possessions appear to be four suitcases and a record player. There are aging rookies like 27-year-old Don Buford of the Chicago White Sox and young ones like "just turned 19-year-old" Tony Conigliaro of the Boston Red Sox, tall ones like Dick Simpson, a 6-foot 4-inch centerfielder for the Los Angeles Angels, and short ones like 5-foot 8-inch Pitcher Fred Norman of the Chicago Cubs.

There are rookies with problems like Jim Ray Hart of the Giants, who can't seem to keep his head out of the way of baseballs. Although he appeared in only seven games last year he was hit twice and was out for three months. When Hart managed to get himself hit twice in spring training this year, Manager Alvin Dark kept him after practice and began pitching 45 feet from home plate straight at Jim Ray's chin. "It sure is a funny game up here," said Jim. "Things were going this way down in the minors." Bob Chance of the Cleveland Indians has a problem that will endear him to calorie-counters everywhere. Chance's weight fluctuates between 225 and 250 and naturally, he is called "Fat" Chance.

Of all these rookies, however, Richie Allen is the one whose performance will be the most significant. He represents probably the biggest single gamble that the changing and growing Phillies have ever made—and since 1959 the Phillies have taken a lot of risks, more, in fact, than any other team in the majors. With the arrival of General Manager John Quinn in 1959 and Manager Gene Mauch in 1960, the Phils began ripping and rebuilding. The process was so drastic that only two players—Outfielder John Callison and Catcher Clay Dalrymple—remain from the roster that began the 1960 season.

In November 1962 the Phils traded for Don Hoak from the Pittsburgh Pirates, but after Hoak went through a bad season (.231), Mauch and Quinn decided that Allen, only 22, would be their third baseman for 1964. Richie went through three good seasons in the minors after he was signed for a \$50,000 bonus by the Phils in 1960. Although Allen played shortstop, second and the outfield, Mauch wanted to convert him to third for two reasons. The first is that while many consider the Dodgers to hold the record for inability to develop a third baseman, the Phillies actually have

been even more remiss. The second is that Allen hits right-handed; though the Phillies hit well against right-handers last year, they had trouble with the lefties.

"Third base," says Mauch, "is not as demanding a position as short or second, and while I know that Allen was not considered a big league prospect at either short or second when he was in the minors, that certainly doesn't mean he can't play third. Take a look at the Yankees. They had five guys in their starting lineup who actually started out as shortstops—Mickey Mantle, Tony Kubek, Clete Boyer, Bobby Richardson and Tom Tresh. Only Kubek still plays short, and they have a guy on the bench named Phil Linz who started out at short, too, and he can play anywhere. Why not Allen?"

This spring Allen was told that the third-base job was his unless he played his way out of it. He hit more home runs in spring training than anyone else in the majors, one more than Orlando Cepeda of the Giants, and Cepeda played in five more games. "I saw Richie hit one this spring," says Quinn, "that was as long as any I've ever seen hit. When he played at Little Rock last year he hit 33, and we kept getting reports that some were terrific. On March 24 in Tampa I saw him hit one that I will always remember. It came off Mike Fornieles of the Reds. Richie's best power is supposed to be to right center, but he pulled this one. Right above the sign that says 360 feet in Al Lopez field there is a light pole, and on top of the pole are the lamps. The ball hit in the middle of the lamps, and I'd guess that that pole is between 80 feet and 100 feet up. The ball actually was still rising when it hit."

Allen has the same type of wrist snap as Henry Aaron of the Braves. Not unlike Aaron, he gets the tremendous power to right center that causes people to whistle. He has handled his switch to third capably this spring, causing Mauch to say, "The kid has real good feet. No, I'm not kidding. Good feet! An infielder has to have good feet before he can have good hands, because he can only field with his hands what his feet put him in position to field. Allen has good feet."

Last season Allen became the first Negro ever to play for Little Rock, and he was both shy and scared. When he arrived at the airport in Little Rock

there was a picket carrying a sign that said, "Don't Negro-ize Our Baseball." This apparently did not reflect general sentiment in Little Rock, but it disturbed Allen. In his first game after Governor Orval Faubus threw out the first ball, Allen misplayed a line drive in the outfield. When he later came to bat, however, he was cheered, and promptly singled. Then he doubled to start a winning rally, for which he received a standing ovation. "I was worried and alone and pressed like the devil at the start of the year in Little Rock," says Allen.

"By the end of the season," says Writer Orville Henry of the *Arkansas Gazette*, who covered all 76 of the team's home games, "Richie Allen was one of the alltime favorite ballplayers at Little Rock."

When Allen began hitting homers this spring, it was big news in his home town of Wampum, Pa. (pop. 1,085). Allen is not really from metropolitan Wampum; he was born in an old frame house with outside plumbing, just down the road in Chewton. He and his four brothers spent all their time on a WPA-built baseball field right next door. "That ball field," says Allen's mother, "helped me to raise my boys. They lived on the ball diamond 365 days a year, and I spent lots of days sitting on the porch watching them, and I'd have to call them in for dinner. That ball field kept them out of trouble."

Allen went to Wampum High, the smallest high school in the state, with an enrollment of 46 boys. He played on two championship basketball teams as Wampum ran up 82 straight wins, helped in no little part by Coach L. Butler Hennon and his son, the later All-America Don Hennon. "If I had another family like the Allens," says Coach Hennon, "I'd be a great coach again."

They are talking about Richie in bars and barbershops, and everywhere you go in Wampum these days bus caravans are being organized to take the townspeople on the 50-mile trip to Pittsburgh to see Richie when the Phillies get there on May 26. By May 26, in fact, we should all know how Allen and the other rookies are doing. And by October there might only be the Muncie Parade left for Philadelphia and one grand parade coming down Main Street in Wampum.

END

FLAMIN' MAMIE'S BOUFFANT BELLES

A beauty-minded Texan pioneers
a new glamorous look in women's
track **by GILBERT ROGIN**

Early one morning last month, when nothing was stirring in Abilene, Texas but the reels of Muzak tape in a store-front on North Fourth Street, Mrs. Margaret Ellison put her gold starting blocks and red-white-and-blue batons in the trunk of her car and set out for Austin. A can of Rayette's The Young Set hair spray rolled about on the floor, a javelin rattled against the top of the dash, and blaring forth from the radio were, or so said one of the three girls in back, "the Imitation Beatles." She added disarmingly, "Did you know England just declared war on the United States? Lady Bird ate a Beetle."

Mrs. Ellison, who is known by her passengers (to her face) as Miz El'son or (behind her back) as Flamin' Mamie or Ma Kettle, is a 46-year-old divorcee who wears her tinted strawberry-blond hair in what she calls a "chignon rat." Mrs. Ellison works as a secretary for Hank Hankins. On the door of Mr. Hankins' office, which is next to Charlie Cluck's in Abilene's First State Bank Building, is lettered "Hank Hankins Interests." Mr. Hankins' interests are oil, real estate, ranching "and other investments," and he will tell you that they are doing "real well." Mrs. Ellison's interest is the Texas

Track Club (*see cover*), the best of a handful of all-girl track clubs in Texas. Mrs. Ellison is its coach, and she will tell you that her girls are coming along "real well."

The Texas Track Club is celebrated on two counts—its athletic achievements and the uncommon beauty of its girls, who compete in dazzling uniforms, elaborate makeup and majestic hairdos. These hairdos, which are either bouffant or flip if at all possible, may not be aerodynamically sound and may be "out" east of the Hudson, but they are an unqualified sensation at a track meet.

"They are our trademark," says Jeanne Ellison, the coach's 16-year-old daughter. "Bouffant is easier to run in because the wind doesn't blow your hair in your face."

In one sense, the Texas Track Club has done more to promote women's track in the U.S. than if its members had, say, won the national AAU championships. (In fact, they finished 12th last year, with a third in the 440-yard relay and the 220-yard low hurdles and a sixth in the 220-yard dash.) After the age of 10, American girls generally lose interest in running—it is unbecoming and





DASHING TEXAS TRACK CLUB is costumed and coached by Margaret Ellison (*foreground*). From left to right in top row are Jeanne Ellison and Sue Schexnayder; second row, Carvelynne Leonard and Irene Williams; bottom row, Janis Rinehart, Paula Walter and Dora Dyson.

image of the track girl," says Mrs. Ellison. "Every year we have a good-looking team and good-looking uniforms—none of those bags. I prefer pretty girls. I insist that they wear makeup. We all go to the beauty shop before each meet, so we can get beautiful and get our minds off the meet. When we ran in Albuquerque this January, I could have killed myself. They have the worst beauty operators in the world in Albuquerque. After I came out of one shop, I went right into another one where this man made my hair worse. I had to go back to the motel and do it myself. We have different hairdos for each meet. We straighten a lot of girls' hair, but of course you can't make it too bouffant when it's natural-curly."

That March morning Mrs. Ellison was driving Janis Rinehart, Sue Schexnayder and Paula Walter, three of the club's eight girls, to a meet in the state capital. Two others, Irene Williams and Cel Rutledge, were unable to compete that weekend; Carvelynne Leonard (her sister is Dudley Darlyenne) was driving in from Houston; Dora Dyson lives in Austin; and Jeanne, the coach's daughter, refused to go because she didn't want to be separated from Charles, her boy friend. "If she'd leave him alone, he'd be a better runner," says Mrs. Ellison. "They're jealous of one another. Charles had done the 220 in 21.4, the 100 in 9.9. It just kills my soul. They both have ability and they're hurting each other. I'd kick her off the team, only she's mine. I want my girls to go out, but last year Janis took her boy friend to the nationals and he was a disturbing influence."

The previous night Paula had asked Jeanne whether she ran for Charles, herself, the crowd or the team. "I run for Charles," said Jeanne, whose hair is frosted several shades of platinum. "That's definitely wrong. You run for the team," said Paula, who dyes her brown hair black and wears it "five or six ways, and real crazy." "Well," said Jeanne, "I feel better when Charles is there." "I'd hate the boy I date to see me run," said Paula. "I'd feel embarrassed."

Paula Walter, who was known as The Eola Flash when she was playing high school basketball in Eola, is 18 and runs the third leg on the club's 440-yard-relay

team. She has twice won the Best Physically Built trophy at the Blue Bonnet Relays in San Angelo, last year was runner-up Miss Make It Yourself with Wool and took the first prize of 20 silver dollars in a twist contest. "I'm always entering contests," says Paula. "I like to do anything better than average." One of seven children whose names all start with P (including Poni), Paula boards with Mrs. Ellison. She says she wants to become a beautician. "Paula knows how to do hair," says Mrs. Ellison. "And she teaches the girls how to wear makeup." Most of the time Paula sits around the Ellison house trying on her clothes and painting her nails. The night before she left for Austin, they were the color of chocolate fudge. "That's a mixture of gold and pink," Paula explained. "I use black sometimes. When we wore black satin uniforms, I had black nail polish. In San Angelo, when I got down in my blocks, there were all those girls looking at my nails. Shoot, I got a good start. It was neat." But Paula is outgrowing track. "I'm so tired of having Coke dates," she says. "There is so much I miss just running track. I like to date. I love parties. I've always run on natural ability. I may as well be truthful, I think I could do a lot better, but if I trained like Rinehart I'd be the biggest square in town."

Janis—the aforementioned Rinehart—along with the other Texas Track Club girls who live in Abilene, works out four evenings a week at McMurry College. In an hour-and-a-half session she will jog a mile, do calisthenics and run five wind sprints of 115 yards each, then put her spikes on and run five repeat 150s and two or three 220s. Every other day she works in the blocks on 15 to 25 practice starts. The day after a meet, Janis jogs. "Rinehart can jog five miles without stopping," says Mrs. Ellison.

"Track is hard to give up," says Paula. "You learn new things, meet people. People satisfy me so much. If I don't get out and run some each day, I feel like I've committed a sin. I'm in top shape, but in bad condition." Indeed, Paula does *real* well by her white, sleeveless running shirt that has TEXAS emblazoned on big red letters across the front. "Mine fits tight," she says. "A lot of

continued

too far out. And American boys generally lose interest in the few girls who take up the sport, the popular belief being that they look like Olive Oyl or Tugboat Annie. The Texas Track Club, however, has shown that you can be beautiful and still run the 100 in 10.9. Because of this delightful anomaly, its members have been a hit—and spread the gospel—at such topflight meets as the Los Angeles, Albuquerque and Dallas Invitationals. And it is not at all unlikely that a couple of Mrs. Ellison's girls will make the U.S. Olympic team.

"I'm trying to change the stereotyped

boys tense me, call me Miss Texas. I'm all Texas. I shouldn't talk so much about myself, but my life's been so interesting."

Mrs. Ellison, who scouts all Texas for her girls, found Paula, as she says, "in a big, old, German-type house out in the country. The first time I saw her she looked like a page out of *Mademoiselle* or *Harper's Bazaar*. But the first time I saw Janis, she was running barefoot in pedal pushers on a cinder track."

Janis Rinehart, who comes from Snyder, is 19 and works as a clerk at The First State Bank in Abilene, where they all call her Speedy. "I raced my boss in the 60 and the 100," she says. "He might have beat me in the 60, but he stumbled. He's 40, but he's in *real* good shape." Janis has run the 100 in 10.9 (the winning time in the 1963 nationals was 11.0) and the 220 in 24.7. "Janis comes from a family of 10," says Mrs. Ellison. "Her basic training was chasing her brothers about the farm. She had light-brown hair, but I decided to make her a blonde because she had the complexion and because she'd stand out in the judges' eyes at the finish of a close race. They also say blondes have more fun, but it went to her head with that boy friend of hers. When she was ready to go home

after the nationals, I dyed her hair brown so her family wouldn't disown her. 'My dad'll kill me,' she told me."

"I think every girl can be pretty. There isn't any such thing as a girl I can't remodel. I taught Janis how to dress, act, speak like a lady. She's hard to dress, because she's tall in the body, is long-waisted, has big feet and doesn't walk too well in high heels. She had to learn what clothes to buy, how to dress, match or mix. I can visualize it when the girls can't—color, mix and coordination. Personally, I like to dress. I have a lot of clothes—three closets full."

Sue Schexnayder, who was known as Swift Sue in high school, is 19 and one of eight children. She lives in Port Arthur and has a partial athletic scholarship at Odessa Junior College, where she and a solitary boy comprise the track team. Like Janis, Sue has done the 100 in 10.9. Sue's workouts include four to six repeat 330s every other day, three to five repeat 60s, and 150s and 220s—all of which leads Mrs. Ellison to the dour observation that her college coach "is killing her."

"She's a real shy child," says Mrs. Ellison. "My other kids yak all the time like I do. Sue's sensitive and has no com-

fidence. Sometimes I can't get inside her little wall. She wants to quit every time she loses. Sue's a natural beauty with natural-curly hair. She's had it straightened once. The girls back-comb it, and she wears it long and plain. Paula's going to fix it for her." Carvelynne (her father expected a boy, whom he was going to name Carver) comes from Mont Belvieu, and is an all-district basketball player. Carvelynne's father, a pumper for the Sun Oil Company, supervises and fosters his daughter's track career. Carvelynne has been running competitively since she was 6, and was twice a national champion in the Junior Olympics. "The house wouldn't be the same if I wasn't running," she says. "My dad, everyone expects me to."

Dora Dyson, 20, a redheaded high jumper with a passion for snow cones, is the only married woman on the Texas Track Club. Her husband, Jerry, attends San Marcos Junior College, and Dora works for an insurance company. "Dora's done 5 feet 4," Mrs. Ellison says. "Golly, she can get 5 feet 6, 5 feet 7. I know she can do it."

The club's "weight men" are Irene Williams, 19, from Barksdale, a sophomore at Abilene Christian College, and Cel Rutledge, 21, a medical technician in Houston. Cel placed fourth in the shot at the nationals two years ago with a put of 47 feet 10 inches, and has thrown the javelin 148 feet, the discus 142. "Cel's facial features are *real* fine," says Mrs. Ellison.

In 1961 Mrs. Ellison founded the Texas Track Club around her older daughter, Pat—now 21 and retired from competition—who had broken the 75-yard-dash record in the Junior Olympics. "It started out as kind of a dream," Mrs. Ellison says, "and now we've had six different uniforms, I have a feeder club of 10 to 20 younger kids, the Abilene Track Club, last year we competed in 18 meets and so far this year we've been to the Los Angeles Invitational, the Albuquerque Invitational, the Lubbock Invitational, the Wall Rogers Indoor Games in Fort Worth, the Dallas Invitational, the Long Beach Games, the Gulf Coast Federation Meet in Houston, the Border Olympics in Laredo, the West Texas Re-

continued

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lays in Odessa, the Edwardian Olympics in Austin and the San Angelo Relays.

"I've gotten tremendous satisfaction and enjoyment out of educating the girls socially, building their bodies and helping them, and, as old as I am, I like the recognition and the glamour, too. Of course, each year I think maybe I won't put as much into it. Last year I spent \$3,000 of my own money on the club, and I'm always running around trying to get sponsors. When we went to Los Angeles, for instance, our trip was paid for by the Optimist Club of Abilene, the Arvin Norwood Drilling Company of Midland and the Pool Well Servicing Company of San Angelo.

"I think I've helped pioneer women's track in Texas, and given the girls and myself something better to do than drive around drinking Cokes. Before I organized the Texas Track Club nothing interested me. I never belonged to a bridge club. You see yourself in the girls. It lights a flame."

Mrs. Ellison was born in Eastland, Texas, but at 8 she moved to Los Angeles with her mother after her parents were divorced. Her father, Joe Burkett, was a Texas state senator, and her grandfather was the originator of the Burkett pecan. "I became a nut about track when I was 13," says Mrs. Ellison. "I ran the 60 in seven flat in junior high school. One night on the beach I raced the boy who finished fourth in the 100 in the all-city junior high school meet, and beat him. And so I lost another boy friend—he never spoke to me again. I still put on spikes, run 50s, jog 440s. I love to throw the javelin. I have a real good arm on me.

"I was little and quick and had a lot of freckles," Mrs. Ellison recalls. Mrs. Ellison still has a lot of freckles, but now she covers them up. "One day Margaret discovered makeup," says her sister, Mrs. Dorothy Palmie, who was once one of Lyndon Johnson's secretaries, "and she hasn't stopped looking in the mirror since." "I went on a make-up and hair binge," says Mrs. Ellison.

"I've found that girls lose interest in track, don't keep coming out regularly, if you don't make a game of it," says Mrs. Ellison. "That's why we have different uniforms every year and go in for makeup and hardos. It's just like giving candy to kids—you have to keep them entertained. And you've got to get them young. But if you ever get that little blue ribbon into their hands. . . .

"I do think, however, that a man can coach girls better than a woman, for the simple reason that girls will listen to a man, they have more confidence in him, and a woman likes to show off for a man. But most men are too busy to understand women. They just say, put on a white blouse and shorts and come out. For instance, on my workout schedules, I always put down 'No Talking.' Girls are always yakking. 'I went out with so-and-so.' I don't want to hear them talking personal problems. I keep saying girls are different. You can't train them like boys, they get emotionally upset. You have to know their moods and recognize what these moods mean."

Mrs. Ellison got the chance to put her theories into practice last year when she was selected to coach the women's team in the dual meets with Russia, Poland, Germany and England. "I was in a state of shock," she says. "Lord, I was hysterical." The trip began disastrously. In Moscow the girls performed way below expectations, and newspaper stories told how they broke training and carried on. The reports, Mrs. Ellison contends, were exaggerated. As the European trip progressed, the girls' behavior and performances improved markedly. Mrs. Ellison says the girls told her in England that they were sorry they had given her such a hard time. "Two of the girls gave me presents," she says. "I cried. It proved to me, however, that I can handle girls."

The trip also gave Mrs. Ellison an opportunity to buy a form-fitting German uniform, which she had copied for the Texas Track Club by the Fab-Knit Division of Holt's Sporting Goods in Waco, a fact that is boldly embroidered on the sweat-suit tops. "I wish I could design the stuff for the U.S. Olympic team," Mrs. Ellison says. "Whoever picks them doesn't know enough about style today. The uniforms are baggy, like the boys'. And someone ought to design a dress for the banquets the girls have to attend after every international meet. If a girl has nothing to wear she feels left out, and that creates problems. The traveling dresses aren't too bad, but they have no style." The Texas Track Club's traveling uniforms are royal blue shifts that are decorated with a patch depicting the flag of Texas. "When we go to hotels they must wear the dresses," says Mrs. Ellison. "They are permitted to wear slims in motels."

As Mrs. Ellison drove south to Austin,

continued



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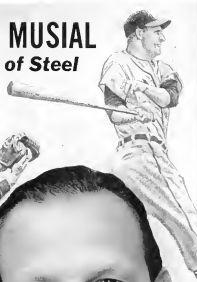


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MAMIE'S BELLES *continued*

the cactus, mesquite and jackrabbit country gave way to more fertile farmland, and a sign proclaimed "Sure Fresh Eggs." Sue was reading a history assignment in *The American Spirit*, and Mrs. Ellison was fiddling with the radio dial.

"That's down yonder, Coach," said Janis, hearing a hillbilly song on the radio. "Turn it to the right. Miz El'son, you go way too fast."

"Find a station, Miz El'son," Paula said. "I can't go that church music today."

"That's country and western," said Janis.

"It tears me up," said Mrs. Ellison. "It just tears my toenails."

"I'm going to design our new summer traveling uniforms," Paula said. "Low neck, deep back, no sleeves, fitted, . . ."

"Paula's a nonconformist," Sue said. "You'd look like a burlesque line," Mrs. Ellison said.

Paula spooned grape jelly out of a plastic cup.

"You starving, poor little fat thing?" Mrs. Ellison asked.

"Coach, is it true that hurdling will broaden your hips?" Janis asked.

"What time is it?" Sue asked.

"If we didn't have to go back after Paula's makeup kit, we'd have been O.K.," Mrs. Ellison said.

"We were four blocks away," said Paula.

"We were six," said Sue.

"This is the time when all the personalities come out," said Mrs. Ellison. "You know, no one ever explained to me that you had to go to college to become a coach. Everything I've learned has been from books, talking and observation. Sometimes the men coaches make fun of me. They say, you're not a coach, you're a promoter. Maybe I'm not a coach, but maybe I'm out to prove to these men who are so learned that I can do it. It will give me a lot of satisfaction to prove that it doesn't take years of experience and education to become a successful coach. I've been coaching only five years and I was the coach of the U.S. team that went to Russia. It's a laugh in a way."

"Did you know that Babe Didrikson was the only girl from Texas that ever made the Olympic track team? I want Janis to make it and Sue and Dora. . . . Then someday I'd like to get me a summer track camp by a river and make Flamin' Mamie a little money." **END**



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A SPORTS CAR FOR EVERYMAN

That is Ford's new Mustang, says a top racing driver who tested the long-anticipated four-seater and found it a many-sided cayuse
by **ROBERT GROSSMAN**

When I visited Dearborn, Mich., not long ago to try out the Mustang, the sports four-seater which Ford Motor Company is introducing this week at the New York World's Fair, it occurred to me that I had never before paid a call on an American motor car manufacturer. This was so despite my 10 years of complete absorption in cars—of racing, studying, buying and selling them. The reason was simple enough. The American automakers had been neglecting people like me. My life was wrapped up in sports cars and, except for the Corvette, Detroit was not building any. But when Ford began its massive racing program in 1962, it was reasonable to expect a car with strong sporting qualities from Dearborn, too, and here it is.

I should say at once that the Mustang is something new in the sports breed. An MG is an MG and a Porsche is a Porsche, but the Mustang is a horse of several different colors. Ford, intending

to sell it "in the hundreds of thousands," has deliberately split its personality in an effort to achieve universal appeal. Certainly the Mustang does not fit the usual definitions of a "pure" sports car. The four-seat configuration alone would rule it out for most traditionalists. But in one of its three basic forms the car comes so close to being a true sports car that it may eventually broaden the definition of what a sports car is.

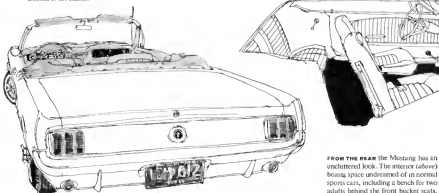
I think of this version as Mustang No. 1. It is a raceable, high-performance V-8 with vivid acceleration, a firm ride and excellent high-speed cornering qualities. When it is raced on sports car courses, as it soon will be, opponents will not be worrying about definitions, but about the practical question of how to outspeed it. Mustang No. 2 is a plush, docile road car with a cushioned boulevard ride, and it can be doled up with all sorts of options, including, for example, a vinyl covering for the hard-

top roof. A convertible top is also available. Mustang No. 3 is a stripped, economical six. No one would argue that the latter two are sports cars, but applying a simple label to them is not easy. They fall somewhere between a sports car and the kind of car that Ford, referring to its luxurious four-seat Thunderbird, considers a "personal" car. Essentially the Mustang is, I suppose, a sports car for Everyman.

In any of its forms the Mustang has important virtues. To begin with, the price tag seems to me to be remarkably low. Prices will range from about \$2,400 for a bare six with a three-speed stick shift to less than \$3,500 for the hottest race-worthy V-8. Then there is the family appeal of a four-seater. There are bucket seats for the driver and the passenger beside him plus a bench seat behind suitable for two adults. I doubt whether there is quite enough room in the rear for two adults to travel long

continued

DRAWINGS BY BEN DALLISON



FROM THE REAR the Mustang has an uncluttered look. The interior (above) boasts space undreamed of in normal sports cars, including a bench for two adults behind the front bucket seats.



IN PROFILE the combination of a long hood and greenhouse and short rear deck sets the Mustang apart from other American cars.

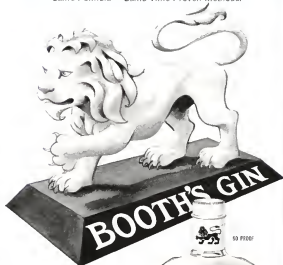
CORNERING on the kind of twisting road its drivers should enjoy, the Mustang in convertible trim displays racy good looks.



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MUSTANG *continued*

distances comfortably, but for short trips around town the space is perfectly adequate. Moreover, the Mustang has racy good looks. The wheelbase has been stretched out to 108 inches so that the car could be made a true four-seater, and I think that is just about as far as it can go in any kind of sports car, pure or not. One of the longest-wheelbase sports cars I ever drove, the Jaguar XK-120, was already pretty close to the limit at 102 inches. The Mustang's nose, projecting out ahead of the headlights, reminds me of the elegant Italian Maserati GT, and the rear fenders a little of the Pontiac Tempest. If it had been left to me, I would not have placed the crossbar with its Mustang emblem in front of the mesh grille—the grille alone is sufficient, functional and attractive—but all in all the Mustang is a handsome car.

Under the skin the Mustang possesses a unitized body-chassis—a steel body welded to a flat "platform" frame that is said to be extraordinarily stiff and twist-resistant; engine location, the suspension system and the brakes are conventionally American. The engine is in front and drives the rear wheels; suspension is standard assembly-line Ford, as are the drum brakes. I was told that independent rear suspension will be available one of these days, and that is an intriguing prospect for the performance-minded. Additionally, disc brakes for the front wheels will soon be offered. Considering the amount of fade I experienced after repeated hard braking, I believe that discs or beefed-up drum brakes will be necessary on Mustangs that are raced.

The car's passenger compartment is vast by sports car standards. Headroom is good even for the tall. I am 6 feet 1 1/2 inches, and I had plenty of clearance. Getting into the car is easy, a statement that cannot be made for a number of sports cars. The bucket seats are comfortable, although lacking the lateral support I would have liked in hard cornering. The seats have leatherlike vinyl coverings.

Instrumentation is not the stark, functional cluster that I have come to admire in Ferraris and Jaguars and such cars, but typically Detroit passenger-car. Here Ford is obviously speaking to a mass market unacquainted with sports machines by giving the customer what he is used to—and no doubt keeping costs down at the same time. A tachometer does not come as standard equipment,

continued

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AA							X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
A					X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B				X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
C			X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
D	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
E	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			
EEE	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X					



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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Percent Consistent One Ball
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SAN DIEGO	45	23
BING CROSBY	118	20
LUCKY OPEN	53	24
PALM SPRINGS	206	26
PHOENIX OPEN	39	25
TACKER OPEN	91	16
PGA SENIORS	233	20
NEW ORLEANS	33	24
PENSACOLA	62	20
ST. PETERSBURG	56	26
CORAL	40	22
AZALEA	74	20
MASTERS	16	23
TOTAL	1,761	22

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MUSTANG *continued*

which is fair enough regarding the strictly street models, but, I think, a serious omission from the high-performance car. When you buy a sports car you expect a tach. Ford's so-called Rally-Pac including a clock and a tach is an optional extra.

It is in the area of engines, springing, transmissions and extra appurtenances that Ford courts the special segments of the market. Four different engines are available. These range from a 100-hp, 170-cubic-inch in-line six—the engine listed as standard—through a 164-hp, 260-cubic-inch V-8, which may well be the most popular option, on up through a big 210-hp, 289-cubic-inch V-8 to a really hairy high-compression 289 rated at 271 hp.

It would have been unthinkable not so long ago to equip anything remotely deserving the name sports car with automatic transmission, but now that it has been done in Europe (by Mercedes and Sunbeam) Ford has a precedent for the automatics it provides for the Mustang. I will not stagger you by listing all the combinations of engines and transmissions available. It is sufficient to say that an automatic can be had with each engine except the more powerful V-8; that a four-speed stick-shift transmission can be had with each except the 260 V-8; and that a three-speed stick-shift is standard for the six and the 260 V-8 but is not offered with the big V-8. Here again Ford is looking far beyond the purist, who would disdain anything other than the four-speed gearbox.

Other optional equipment runs the Detroit gamut from air conditioning to fake knock-off hubcaps, but one particularly desirable option should be stressed. That is a special handling package. It includes stiffer springs and shock absorbers, a heavy-duty front sway bar, quicker steering and 14-inch rather than the normal 13-inch wheels. The effect is to give the driver a sports car feel rather than a soft boulevard ride and at \$38.60 the package is a bargain. I personally would go a step further and buy the 15-inch wheels offered as an alternative with the handling package; I have always thought the bigger the wheels the better a car looks.

At Dearborn I wrung out both a 260-inch automatic-transmission V-8 without the handling package and the hot 289 with it. Driving a tight, twisty road course at racing speeds on the Ford proving ground, I soon discovered the

continued



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289 to be a tough, virile car. It was fitted with the four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox, which I found excellent—a close-ratio box with little loss of engine revolutions between shifts, which could be made smoothly and positively. In starting away, the power came on without fussiness and there was enough to spin the wheels on dry pavement. The car was stable and on line under heavy acceleration. It felt well-balanced. The ride was just about right—stiff but not the old buckboard bounce of the early postwar sports cars. In cornering on the limit there was somewhat more lean than I am accustomed to. The car stuck well in the turns, and I felt comfortable right away. I felt that it was a forgiving car, not vicious or squirrely. The rear end did not unexpectedly walk out under heavy cornering loads nor did the front end try to plow. The 289 could easily be drifted. On some sections of the course I hit wet patches not yet dried out after a rain, and I was impressed with the way the Mustang stuck even though it was not fitted with rain tires. The tach had an unusually high red line, at 7,000 rpm. This is unheard of in an American car. What this meant was that I did not have to worry much about over-revving. Shifting up, I could really wind it out without fear of overdoing and damaging the engine. Dropping down, there was little need to be concerned about over-revving on the downshift. The car was so new, by the way, that even the Ford engineers did not know its top speed, and I was not able to try for the ultimate. I gather, however, that something in the neighborhood of 125 mph should be within reach.

When I moved on to the 260, it was as soft-riding as I had expected it to be, but not, I am glad to say, spongy and wallowing. It was a pleasant, nimble, peppy car. I had enough confidence in its manners to corner it pretty vigorously, although somebody told me later I had been over on the door handles. In any case, it is not meant to be flogged like a racing sports car.

Before leaving Dearborn I learned that Ford would waste no time putting the Mustang into competition. A team is entered in the Shell 4,000 Rally across Canada this week, and before long Carroll Shelby, the Cobra builder, will have a team going in American sports car races. Needless to say, I do not feel as neglected anymore.

END

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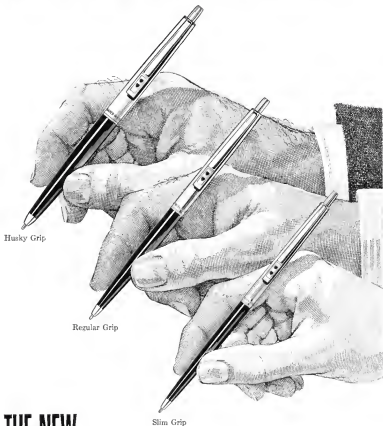
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If things ever get to the slug-ging stage down Panama way, newly appointed U.S. Ambassador **Jack Hood Vaughn** may prove an envoy with built-in scour power. A three-time Golden Gloves champion who went on to become a professional featherweight, Vaughn is a handy man with his dukes. "I won 90% of my fights," recalled the 5-foot-8 150-pounder as he packed his bags for the Canal Zone. "But now I'm so busy I can only shadowbox in the shower."

"I am enchanted by the ease with which Romanica won," gurgled durable **Gabrielle (Coco) Chanel**, after her 3-year-old filly romped home to give the famed fashion designer her first track victory in Paris. "But I am even more pleased with the effect my single color had." Single color? But of course. Originally Coco had planned to dress Jockey **Yves Saint-Martin** in basic black and white, but those colors were taken. So the top jockey in France rode Romanica across the line in simple shocking red with cap to match. Fashion writers expect the color to catch on in all the smartest tack rooms.

Taking a break from the air-waves, TV's **Walter Cronkite** spent 10 days sailing over the watery variety in the Caribbean as skipper of the 12-meter sloop *Cerygo*. Catching the breezes just right, Captain Cronkite did so well that, as soon as he returned to New York, he raced right out and bought a 28-foot ocean racer for himself.

The Cairo Y was pretty mad about the way the infidels were treating their newest convert. "Turn your back on

them and come live in Cairo among your brother Moslems where you are welcome," wrote the Egyptian Young Men's Moslem Association to World Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali**. And since Muhammad is planning a tour of the Middle East anyway, he might just end up defending his title where Marc Antony lost his.

Off to Miami Beach to soak up the sun went tobacco heir **Richard J. Reynolds III** and his beautiful wife, Marie. But back at the vet's stayed Tojo, their faithful Doberman pinscher watchdog and constant companion, to have his tonsils out. And sure enough, without a watchdog watching, a sneaky thief made off with the family jewels. All in all it was a costly operation: \$25 for Tojo's tonsils and \$100,000 for the jewelry. Grrrrrr.

And what was Private Citizen **Richard Nixon** doing in the Far East? Who knows for sure? Maybe it was to give his old Republican running mate, **Henry Cabot Lodge**, some lessons in how to become a fighting presidential candidate. Maybe it was to suggest, tactfully, that Lodge stay out of those U.S. primaries. Or maybe it was just to teach some small nonvoting Chinese his own deft style with a badminton bird (*triglar*).

For 10 long, long years **Bill Boyer**, president of the Minnesota Vikings, has been dutifully and futilely swinging away on golf courses all across the land trying to break 100. Last week Boyer found himself shooting as he never had before—up to the 14th hole, that is. There he managed to slice his tee shot through the

window of a house adjoining the fairway. This cost him \$150 and two penalty strokes, but the shattered window did not shatter his nerve. Instead, Boyer shattered 100 with a magnificent 99.

"Skis and sports cars have a lot in common, mainly speed," says France's mischievous **Marcelle Goitschel**, who has temporarily put aside the one to frolic with the other. "My top speed on skis was slightly over 80 mph," continued the Olympic gold medalist as she revved up the 98 horses in her brand-new blue sportster. In my MGB I've gone 112. But I guess I'll wait until after the 1968 Olympics to take up race driving seriously."

Pennsylvania's Republican victory was a definite upset. As everyone knows, the least the male member of a mixed doubles tennis team can do is win his serve, so when Pennsylvania's Senator **Joseph Clark**, Democrat, stepped up to the service line with the

score 12-11 against Republican Governor **William Scranton** and his wife, the set seemed as good as won. But three games later, after a number of senatorial faults and gubernatorial aces, the Republicans surged home to victory. "I'm very humiliated," said the beaten Democrat, slinking off the court.

As Master of the Horse, Hon. Colonel of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, Captain of the late Royal Horse Guards and Joint Master of the local hunt, 64-year-old **Henry Hugh Arthur FitzRoy Somerset, 10th Duke of Beaufort**, is quite possibly one of the horiest chaps in all England. Last week, galloping over the Gloucester landscape in his pink coat with the Beaufort hounds in full cry just ahead, the horiest Duke became, quite suddenly, the unhoriest. Temporarily confined to bed for the treatment of assorted bumps and bruises, he is expected back in the saddle any day now, horse permitting.



The champ's fist was on the sparrow's eye

Willie Pastrano picked on Goyo Peralta's gashed eyebrow and kept his light heavyweight title with the best five rounds of his life



PASTRANO, STABBING PERALTA WITH LEFT, COCKS RIGHT FOR A DAMAGING COUNTER

We can take him in 15," Angelo Dundee said before the fight. "But I think we gonna take him quicker if we can bust him up. We got Willie hitting flat-footed, because this guy busts up easy."

"We seen him three times," Lou Gross, Pastrano's trainer, said. "He ain't seen us at all. That wasn't Willie he beat in Miami Beach. I don't know who it was, but it wasn't Willie."

Charley Johnston, who is the American manager of Argentine light heavy Gregorio Peralta, looks like a man left over from a Damon Runyon story. Even in warm New Orleans he wore a hat and a coat and vest, and he disengaged completely with Pastrano's managers.

"They been talking about the weight,"

he said the day before the championship fight last week in New Orleans. "My boy has been 75, 76 all week. I didn't let it out, because it gives something to write about. Now I can tell you something else, too. He's gonna fight the same fight he did in Miami Beach. He can throw punches from anywhere. I don't mess with his style. It works. I'll tell you something else, because now it is too late for them to do anything about it. He is the best body puncher I ever see, and he is gonna beat Pastrano to the body. He is quicker than Pastrano. They the same age, but he hasn't been through the mill like Pastrano."

Peralta, tall but sparrowlike, with a deep, thin, arched chest and slender arms and legs, looked as if he had had trou-

ble making the weight. In his last workout at Curley's Gym the skin on his face and body was stretched paper-thin. If he carried an excess ounce it was nowhere apparent.

Pastrano looked gaunt, too. He had left Miami a month before the fight at a cushiony 186, but the once-plump cheeks now seemed sunken. He did not look as drawn as Peralta, however.

"I'm gonna dry Willie out," Gross said the day before the fight. "But I always dry out my fighters. It's good for them. Makes them faster."

At the weigh-in the scales registered 174½ pounds for each fighter. Pastrano might have come in at 174, but he had breakfast in his room at the Sheraton-Charles Hotel with his wife, Faye. Gross, who had hovered over him like a mother hen for a month, for once was not present, and Willie, who no doubt felt dried out enough, nibbled hungrily at his wife's breakfast. The little break in training added the three-quarters of a pound. After the weigh-in Pastrano went to Moran's Restaurant with his wife, Dundee, Gross and some friends for his pregame meal and—surprise—he wasn't hungry enough to finish the rare fillet he ordered.

"I'm sleepy," he said to Faye. "Finish your coffee, honey. Let's go. I got to get that twilight sleep this afternoon."

He left with Faye, and Moran said, "You won't forget? The gloves?"

"No, man," Willie said. "You get 'em right after the fight."

"You gonna celebrate here?" Moran said.

"No, man," Willie said. "I'm gonna celebrate with a big dish of ice cream and some hot dogs in the room. We had a big celebration after the Johnson fight in Vegas, but I was too pooped to pop. I'm always too pooped to pop after a fight. I'll celebrate tomorrow night."

He looked sleepy in his dressing room that night as he wrapped his left hand. Johnston came in to watch.

"No tape over the knuckles," he said once, and Willie grinned at him.

"He's just trying to bug me," he said.

Gross went into Peralta's room to watch him being taped, but he offered no comment. Pastrano's hands had been still while he was wrapped, but Peralta's trembled slightly. His beaked bird face was serious. During his workouts he had laughed most of the time.

Peralta was first in the ring, wearing a robe with "De fe, Goyo" on the back,

continued



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BOXING continued

Spanish for "Give it to him, Goyo." Goya is the nickname for Gregorio. The considerable contingent of Argentines who had come up to New Orleans for the fight raised clenched right fists and chanted, "Do le, Goyo!" fiercely, and Goyo smiled a wan smile and ducked his head at them.

When Pastrano came in, the four thousand people in the auditorium applauded the home-town champion furiously, and Pastrano, standing in his corner, joined politely in the applause. Pastrano, seeing him, looked surprised, then walked across the ring and shook hands with Peralta.

It was, while it lasted, a whale of a fight. Peralta is a difficult fighter, who switches leads often, throws punches powerfully from unlikely angles and concentrates on the body. Against Pastrano in the over-the-weight match he won in Miami Beach he had scored heavily with body punches.

"I could see them coming, but I didn't do anything about it," Pastrano explained later. "I'd catch, catch, then clinch, and I just couldn't get myself in a frame of mind to hit back. I took him too lightly, and I didn't really care much about the fight."

On this night, with the championship at stake and before the people of the city in which he was raised, Pastrano cared a great deal. At 175, he was as quick as he has ever been, and that is very quick. Peralta's free-swinging body punching of necessity leaves his head exposed, and Pastrano in the first round stabbed him hard with a left jab a few times, then planted his feet and countered savagely with a clubbing right hand to the head, forcing Peralta to blink. Pastrano, known previously mostly for the butterfly punches of a master boxer, hit harder in this fight than in any other he has ever had.

The pattern of the first three rounds was the same, with Peralta shuffling and swinging for the body, landing on elbows most of the time but occasionally driving solidly to Pastrano's belly, and with Willie, mindful of Peralta's tendency to cut easily, sharpshooting at the head with his left hand and countering hard to the head with his right as the opportunity arose.

In the fourth round Peralta ducked away from a left hand into a strong right which landed flush on his left eye, where he had been cut in a fight against Wayne

Thornson in November. The blow split the left eyelid from the corner of the eye diagonally up into the eyebrow. The cut was an inch and a half long and immediately began to bleed profusely.

"All that blood gave me a beautiful target," Pastrano said later.

Peralta's seconds stemmed the flow briefly in the interval between the fourth and fifth rounds, and Peralta, aware that the fight might be stopped, attacked furiously in the fifth, trying desperately for a knockout. Unfortunately, the fury of his attack again left his face relatively unprotected, and Pastrano, with the dispassionate cruelty of an old pro, pecked away at the eye with left jabs until the wound opened again. Although he took punishment to the stomach—one low blow doubled him over briefly—he landed two or three slashing right hands to Peralta's eye, and by the end of the round the cut was all over blood.

In Pastrano's corner after the fifth round Dundee and Gross paid little attention to Pastrano. They were all watching the activity in Peralta's corner, where the cut man applied medication to the eye, only to have the ring doctor wipe it off and declare Peralta unable to continue.

"It wouldn't have happened in New York," Johnston said bitterly later. "We could have gone on. They saw he was getting to Willie, and they had an excuse to stop it. I knew we could win big or I never would've come down here to New Orleans to fight Pastrano. But I didn't expect this."

The doctor was right. The long, deep cut in the eyelid was reason enough to stop the fight, and with a master marksman like Pastrano firing at so easy a target, Peralta might have suffered permanent damage to the eye.

After the fight ended, Pastrano went back to his corner, stripped off the gloves and looked for Moran. He threw the gloves to Tony and headed for a room where he talked briefly to the press. "I was home when the bell rang," he said. "I saw it all out in front. He fought the same way he did before. I made the mistake of backing away from him the first time. This time I moved from side to side and countered. I was there to stay, man. If I'd of been cut the way he was cut, I'd of wanted them to stop it, too."

Later there was a victory party in Angelo Dundee's suite in the Sheraton. Evertovic was there but Willie. He was in his room eating ice cream.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Two kids and a pair of foxes

Robert Hamman and Don Krauss are young and Sam Stayman and Vic Mitchell often bluff, but the U.S. is counting on them in the Olympiad

When the U.S. team trials for next month's World Olympiad were held last November, all the experts (including yours truly) overlooked the young pair of Robert Hamman and Donald Krauss. After all, with such experienced players as Howard Schenken, Alvin Roth, Tobias Stone, B. Jay Becker and Lew Mathe in the field, Hamman, who is only 25, and Krauss, 26, did not seem to have a chance. Even after they took an early lead, none of us revised our predictions. It looked as though we were correct when, on the fourth day of the trials, the two kids blew all but nine points of their 40-point lead. But they showed guts as well as skill, steadying down like a pair of veterans to sail through their last five matches and finish first, well ahead of Sam Stayman-Vic Mitchell and Robert Jordan-Arthur Robinson (SI, April 13), the other two pairs who are on the U.S. team.

Hamman and Krauss are both from California. Hamman, the more serious of the two, is a math major at UCLA. He is a heavily built young man whose infrequent postmortem comments are usually very much to the point. Although he began playing bridge only six years ago, he is regarded as the better card-player of the two. His partner, Don Krauss, is a Stanford University graduate and, like several of our younger bridge stars, he is working in the electronics field as a computer programmer. Good-looking and good-humored, he is aggressive to the point of brashness with all opposing bridge players. He and Hamman proved that their victory in the trials was no fluke when, along with Lew Mathe, Eddie Kantar, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, they won the

Vanderbilt team event in the Spring Nationals last month.

Nevertheless, as the only pair on the U.S. team without international experience, both boys will be watched closely by Nonplaying Captain Frank Westcott when they come up against the likes of such foreign stars as Pietro Forquet, Terence Reese and Jean Besse in the Olympiad. Not that Hamman and Krauss have not had their share of big-league competition. Mathe, whom Westcott has appointed as their special coach, has seen to it that they have had plenty of practice matches these past weeks against the strongest players in the Los Angeles area. This hand, played in such a match at Mathe's home, shows the Hamman-Krauss style at its best.

North-South vulnerable

East dealer

NORTH
 ♠ A Q J 6 5 4
 ♥ 8 7
 ♦ A 6 2
 ♣ J 5

WEST

♠ 5 2
 ♥ Q 9 5 4 3
 ♦ —
 ♣ 10 8 7 6 3 2

EAST

♠ 10
 ♥ 10 6 2
 ♦ K Q J 9 8 7
 ♣ K 5 4

SOUTH

♠ K 8 7 3
 ♥ A K J
 ♦ 10 5 4 3
 ♣ A Q

EAST

2 ♠
 PASS
 PASS
 PASS
 PASS

SOUTH

(Krauss)
 DOUBLE
 4 ♠
 5 ♠
 6 ♠
 PASS

WEST

PASS
 PASS
 PASS
 PASS

NORTH

(Hamman)
 3 ♠
 5 ♠
 6 ♠
 6 ♠

Opening lead: 2 of clubs

continued



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"Notice the cunning way we bid it—from the makable side," said Krauss as he described this hand.

Californians are inclined to use cue bids in the opponents' suit more freely than players from other locales, but at least some of those diamond bids seem warranted. Hamman's cue bid of three diamonds was a force to game (as three spades would not have been). Krauss thought that his high-card strength warranted some optimism—and, besides, he rather preferred to hear Hamman's suit, so he bid four diamonds. Hamman, however, wanted to show that he really had diamonds controlled—which his first bid had not guaranteed. Hence his five-diamond bid. Krauss was finally forced to mention spades, his only four-card suit other than diamonds. Now Hamman got grand-slam ideas and tried to indicate these aspirations by cue-bidding diamonds for the third time. Krauss thought maybe his partner wanted to hear a heart bid, but Hamman, of course, returned to spades.

West's failure to open a diamond marked him with a void. Krauss won the club lead, drew trumps, cashed his other club, the ace of diamonds and the ace-king of hearts. Then he led the heart jack. When West covered with the queen he was allowed to hold the trick, and Krauss discarding a diamond from the dummy. Whatever West led now, Krauss would discard dummy's last diamond while trumping in his hand, making his small slam.

Krauss could not resist a gleeful dig at his coach. "Needless to say," he said, "Mathe played the same hand at four spades from the 'wrong' side of the table, got a diamond lead and could only make five."

As talented as Hamman and Krauss are, the key to U.S. chances in the Olympiad rests with our team's senior partnership, Sam Stayman and Vic Mitchell. I do not say this flatteringly or critically. It is simply my estimate that from Stayman-Mitchell will come the big point swings, both for and against the U.S., swings that will probably decide the fate of the team.

If a team could sit back and play precise, errorless bridge throughout a tournament, it could win on its opponents' mistakes alone. But under the mental and physical strain of a long championship, mistakes are inevitable on both sides of the table. Therefore it is nec-

essary to attack, to put pressure on the opponents by obstructing their bidding whenever possible. Stayman and Mitchell are strong exponents of interference bidding and they have geared their somewhat complex system to it.

Stayman's international experience goes back to 1950, when he and I were teammates in the first World Championship. His team won again in 1953, lost in 1956 and finished fifth in the Olympiad in 1960, with Victor Mitchell also on that team. Although Sam is the oldest member of our team, he is only 34. Always a brilliant player, Stayman is considered a difficult partner—but only because of the complexity of his bidding system. When he plays rubber bridge, Stayman is inclined to be something of a fancy Dan and has on occasion confused some of the biggest names in bridge. "The best way to handle Sam," says Lee Hazen, "is to believe his bids and respond accordingly. Then it is up to Sam to get himself to the right contract. If he bids clubs, hearts and spades, I assume he has four of each suit. I'll admit it can be baffling if he next bids diamonds, but I just proceed on the assumption that Sam has been dealt an unusual 4-4-4-4 distribution."

Apart from his sometimes peculiar bidding, Stayman is an ideal partner. For example, in this year's Vanderbilt, Vic Mitchell developed a severe headache midway through a match. Solicitously, Sam asked, "Would it help if I played slower? Or perhaps quicker?" "No," moaned Vic, with his hand over one eye. "Only better."

Mitchell, 40, as a reserved man from whom such barbs come as a surprise to those who have seen only the smooth shell behind which hides a bundle of nerves. A great player in his own right, Mitchell is a good foil for Stayman, willing to adapt himself to the vagaries of a constantly expanding arsenal of conventions.

The simplest of these are two artificial opening bids: two clubs to show a hand of intermediate high-card strength, including eight or more playing tricks; two diamonds to show a high-card powerhouse. Thus, any opening bid of one in a suit is limited in strength and cannot include as many as 19 high-card points. This limitation leaves the opener's partner free to "operate" with a poor hand without danger that the opener will shoot for the moon.

continued

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BRIDGE *continued*

Here is an example of a Stayman-Mitchell artificial bid from a recent practice match in Philadelphia.

Both sides vulnerable

South dealer

NORTH

10 8 4
9
Q 10 8 6 5
J 10 9 7

WEST

7 5
A 10 6 4 2 2
J 7
K 8 6

EAST

A 3 2
Q J 8
A K 9 4
Q 5 3

SOUTH

K Q J 9 6
K 7 5
3 2
A 4 2

SOUTH
(Stayman)

1 ♦
2 ♥
4 ♣

WEST

PASS
PASS
PASS

NORTH
(Mitchell)

2 ♥
3 ♦
PASS

EAST

PASS
PASS
PASS

Opening lead: ace of hearts

In the other room, where teammates Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson held the East-West cards, North passed the opening spade bid, East kept the bidding open with a double and East-West romped into four hearts, making five.

When Stayman-Mitchell played the hand from the North-South position, Mitchell, protected by the knowledge that Stayman could not have a near two-bid, psyched in the suit in which it was reasonable to suppose the opponents might make game. East had to expect that his partner was entirely biased and so made no move with his powerful hand.

The opponents' bidding led West to believe that his partner would be void in hearts. His opening of the heart ace, followed by imperfect defense, allowed Stayman to escape for down two, losing a club, two diamonds, one heart and one spade. The score of -200 represented a net gain of 450.

But psyching, even under the security that partner won't carry you too far, can be a two-edged sword. Suppose East had ventured a sporting double of the final contract? Suppose West had found the best defense—a trump opening? Unable to ruff a heart or to take two club finesses, South might have wound up with only five tricks for a 1,400 penalty. And against Italy, with an East named Pietro Forquet and a West named Benito Garozzo, that might well happen. **END**



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How K. C. won an Oscar in the NBA

Jones's defense of Robertson was
the top performance by an actor in
a supporting role in the playoffs

The new 52-story Prudential Center notwithstanding, Bill Russell is still the biggest thing in Boston. Last week, in what was supposed to be the choicest series since silver certificates, Russell led his defending champion Boston Celtics to a four-games-to-one rout of Cincinnati. The Royals came in as their apparent and went out as a mere pretender.

This was only the semifinal in the National Basketball Association's latest assault on spring, but Boston and Cincinnati are the two best teams in the world, and when the series started it appeared that the finals would be superfluous so far as deciding a champion is concerned. For this one, even the hockey fans were on hand—dead giveaways, coming into the Boston Garden with their coat collars turned up.

Out in the Western Division what was happening was not so decisive but far more competitive. First, St. Louis beat Los Angeles, three to two, the home team winning every time, but the Hawks outrebounding the Lakers in four of the five games. The Lakers have never had

heft at center, and with both their forwards, Elgin Baylor and Rudy LaRusso, down to about 215 pounds, they were just muscled into submission. Then the Hawks, whose power is spread through the lineup, took on the rugged San Francisco Warriors.

The Warriors have added Nate Thurmond to Wilt Chamberlain, Tom Meschery and Wayne Hightower up front—the muscle part of what Coach Alex Hannum calls his "muscle and hustle team." The battle for second shots between these teams was fearful and bloody.

By contrast, in the East the Celtics got plenty of second shots against the Royals. That and the best sustained defense ever put up by a pro team explained why Boston won. The Celtics can shoot a lot because they know Russell will get the ball back off the boards if they miss. They can gamble on defense because they know Russell will stop nearly everything they let through.

The Royals did have some excuses. They had had a time of it beating Philadelphia in the quarter-finals while the

continued



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champions rested and got themselves up for Cincinnati. They also had injuries, the most important to Jerry Lucas, who suffered a bone bruise at the base of his spine in the second Philadelphia game. Lucas was not jumping or crashing the boards until the third Celtic game. In each of the first two he had only seven rebounds (10 below his average), and he lost his league-leading scoring touch in the bargain. During the regular season Lucas shot 56.1% against Boston. He averaged the same number of shots in the playoffs, but scored on only 25.4% of them. The difference came to 19 baskets in the five games.

While the Celtics were lucky to catch Cincinnati hurt and playing its worst, Boston won this series, and defense won for Boston. Russell, of course, was magnificent, but K. C. Jones gave the best performance by a supporting actor. K. C. is a polite man of 31 whose idea of getting tough off the court is to grow a mustache even if his wife does not like it. In

green-and-white trunks, however, his demeanor is more that of the pro football player he almost became. Jones feels he must do many things because he cannot shoot; he has not, in fact, had a good shot, he says, since high school. But against the Royals it was unimportant whether he shot at all. What K. C. did was to make the plays (seven assists a game), move the ball and stop Oscar Robertson from getting, moving and shooting the ball. K. C. had help from his teammates, who swished beautifully on the few occasions Oscar got a good pick. And John Havlicek did well while Jones was rested. But K. C. was superb when it counted. Most of Robertson's scoring came in the second half of each game, after it was safely decided for the Celtics.

Robertson did average 28.2, which is not exactly negligible. However, during the regular season he had 12 baskets a game against Boston. In the playoffs, averaging the same number of shots, he had only nine baskets. He also made only 5.6 assists as against 9.1 in regular

games. In plain language, Robertson was about 12 points down, and it is no coincidence that Boston was an average of 14 points better each game.

K. C. pressed Robertson all over the court, staying between him and the ball. The Royals struggled to get it to Oscar, and whenever they finally did, they just stood around in relief, watching him maneuver for scoring position. They did not pick for him, or work for their own good shots. The whole team was upset by the successful harassment of the one key man.

It was after the second game that Jones candidly wondered aloud why the Royals didn't lob the ball to Oscar. "They could just toss it over my head," he said. K. C. was right, of course, and in the second half of the fourth game the Royals used just that strategy. That was their only good half and it was the only game they won. "I don't know why they didn't do it more," K. C. said after it was all over. Then, still thinking of Robertson, he added, "I don't like to play a man like that—all over the court when

continued

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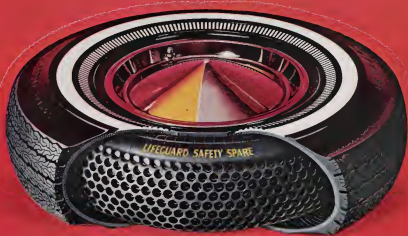
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he doesn't have the ball. It's like cheating. It isn't fair to him."

Boston will require different strategy for the Warriors or Hawks, but it is difficult to imagine them doing anything but winning and becoming the first team in professional sports to take the championship six straight times. This is a rare team. True, it has marvelous individuals, but the striking and significant fact is how well they play together. And they are magnificently run. Coach Red Auerbach—Arnold to his wife and his barber—has won 10 divisional titles, five championships and earned lots of money. He has never been named Coach of the Year, probably because most of the voting writers think the team makes him look good, but he has deserved that honor.

Auerbach rules the Celtics with wisecracks and psychology, but he is unquestionably the boss. Earlier this year, when he was away on a scouting trip, three players were late for a practice and were fined by their teammates, who simply anticipated what Auerbach would have done. The guilty later came to Auerbach for a hearing. "Get lost," he said. "If you don't know by now that the Celtics are a dictatorship and I am the dictator, then it's about time you found out."

Auerbach has often been complimented about his handling of the Celtics' more sensitive players. "Look, I don't worry about handling them," he says. "I worry about how they handle me. I'm not here as a doormat. Let them adjust to me. Anybody who comes on this team better take a little time to figure out what I'm like and learn to please me."

Auerbach is almost entirely responsible for the drafting and trading of players. Considering that for eight years now he has had the last draft choice, he has done amazingly well. He goes for the best player, regardless of position, but he likes winners. Five of this year's Celtics were on NCAA championship teams. "When people are used to winning," he says, "they put out a little more. They want to maintain"—and he pauses to draw on his cigar—"that good feeling."

Auerbach's family lives in Washington, where he went from Brooklyn to attend George Washington University and where he started coaching. He has part interests in a Cape Cod hotel and a Chinese restaurant in Boston, the latter

because he is such a bug on Chinese food. Auerbach always has a reason for the things he does, and he believes that because it is substantial and mostly steamed, Chinese food is the best thing to eat after a game. He treats himself much as if he were still playing. He does run a boys' summer basketball camp, and he is a year-round salesman for Cellu-Craft Products, a packaging concern. "You know those 2c Schrafft's mints?" he said last week. "I make them. And Neecco wafers? That's mine. Selling keeps me alert during the season. I meet clients when I'm on the road. In Cincinnati here, Procter & Gamble is one of my clients. I had lunch with them today. After all, how many moves can you see?" Actually, he hasn't seen many. When Red does go to a movie he falls asleep as soon as the film starts.

Auerbach's perceptive handling of his personnel has obscured the fact that he is also an excellent technician and an imaginative coach. Most out-of-bounds plays in use today were originated by him. He is convinced that the set shot is a useful complement to the jumper and will soon be back in vogue. (More Celtics have those old reliable two-handed sets than players on any other team.) Auerbach's latest innovation is using different combinations of players on the lanes when an opponent is shooting a foul. The Royals got so confused trying to maintain their best matchups that when Wayne Embry made a foul in the second game it was disallowed because Cincy had ended up with only one player on the lane. "First time I ever scored a playoff point," Auerbach smirked. He is hardly the most bashful man ever to coach, but he does know when to let his players have the spotlight.

Little things bother Auerbach. He was sincerely upset all during the series because the Royals made such a fuss about how they had beaten Boston seven games to five during the season. The first thing he wanted to talk about after he won the playoffs was the cause of some of those seven losses months ago. Now he is worried about posterity, too. "The thrill never goes from winning," he says. "But may-be the reasons change. First it was just trying to win a title. Now it is the question of our going down as the greatest team of all time. That stimulates you." Coaches of the Year are elected. Coaching a team to six straight championships is a man's own measure. This also stimulates Red Auerbach.

END

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A Child's Guide to Sport in New York

This week the New York World's Fair opens. To most of the out-of-towners who will visit the city, sport in New York means Yankee Stadium, Madison Square Garden, Aqueduct and, perhaps, the Biltmore Garage, where "the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York" never quite took place. But children growing up in New York, like Ring, 9, and his sister Hona, 11, at right, find sport everywhere, as is revealed in these beguiling photographs and in the reminiscences of a native son that follow them. There are games to play in the parks, on the beaches and, most of all, in the streets. Famous fighters can be seen, close enough to touch; racehorses, too, and the Yankee baseball diamond—almost. "I like the beach the best," says Ring, bugging Hona, as a man teaches a boy how to cast. "I especially like it on a windy morning. When you run all this dust flies out behind you." Hona's beach is quieter. "I like," she says, "to see the footprints of the birds,"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIDSON





A tennis lesson near Sutton Place, a trip to a sunlit sail loft on City Island and, early in the morning, roadwork on Central Park's bridle path with Welterweight Champion Emile Griffith (center), who Hono thinks is "cute."





Ring sees his first Yankee game, to which he wore an L.A. Angel hat.



"I guess I liked the game," he says, "but I wanted to step on a base and those men don't let you."







Y*ou know how to play scetzi," says Ring. "You flick a bottle cap. After a while, it makes your fingers swell up. Hona won me in chess in Greenwich Village, and one day I got to walk a horse at Belmont — Lester, The Big Red Horse."*



Ilona and Ring fish in Central Park. "It would be O.K.," says Ring, "if you ever caught anything."





Confessions of a Stoop Ball Champion

When I was growing up in New York, my kid brother and I were, for a short and blessed time, the stoop ball doubles champions of 96th Street, that is, the block between the unrelieved distress of Columbus Avenue and the faintly seedy and *démolé* splendor of Central Park West. In those days, the early '40s, stoop ball was as popular as stick ball or punch ball, but I suspect it is now dying out; there are fewer stoops—the old brownstones that bore them are being torn down—and more cars are crossing the field of play, impeding the game and endangering the players.

The character of the city street determines the street game much in the same way that *dédans*, grilles and *tambours*, obscure projections and recesses derived from medieval buildings, establish court tennis. Box ball, for example, is played within boxes formed by the cracks in the sidewalk, and sewers or manhole covers are integral features of stick ball, as are cornices, fire escapes, lampposts, even trees. Cops and robbers is more logically set in the somber and possibly sinister streets than cowboys and Indians—although when I was very young I tethered a string of imaginary horses to one of the poles that supports the frame of the awning of 27 West 96th Street, where I lived—and stoop ball, of course, is wholly dependent upon stoops.

The stoops of my youth were long, sandstone flights, their balustrades ornamented with blind lions or terminal objects that looked like great pineapples or artichokes, and the rubber balls we threw against the steps into so many evenings were "spaldeens." A spaldeen—a corruption of *comet*

BY GILBERT ROGIN



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Confessions *continued*

Spalding, the signature that is on the ball—is pink and about the size of a tennis ball, and is as prevalent today as it was 20 years ago. There is a box of spaldeen's in my neighborhood candy store, but what else has survived? The candy store where long ago I bought my spaldeen's was dark, crowded and haphazard and, like a strange hold or attic, or even a second-rate magician's hat, promised minor treasures and mysteries. I believe "I, Israelite" was painted on the door. No doubt it is a *bolego* now. At present, my candy store is well-lit and orderly. You can buy a scale model of Wolf Man ("an all-plastic assembly kit") there and a comic book that depicts on its front cover a surgeon dropping a scalpel with one hand while clutching his head with the other. "What have I done . . . ?" he is saying. "I've killed another one!" A beautiful, anguished nurse is passing the operating theater, a clipboard pressed tightly to her starched bosom. She is thinking, the ascending bubbles indicate: "Oh, my darling . . . How can you be so blind? It's not your fault." No, it is the fault of the times. Where is I, Israelite, whose store of real possibilities was next to the laundry of Nguey T. Jew?

I don't really know how to spell spaldeen, any more than I know how to spell "salugi" or "scelzi." We never had occasion to write any of them down, much of our language being oral, like the tongues of certain primitive tribes before missionaries enlightened them by putting it all down so the Bible could be translated into yet another language. Salugi, by the way, is more a kind of urban torture than a sport. One kid grabs something—say a hat or a glove—belonging to another kid, hereinafter and with good reason referred to as the victim, and cries, "Salugi!" He then tosses it to a third kid who relays it to a fourth, fifth or sixth—any number can play. While they blithely fling it among themselves, the victim tries to reclaim it. No score is kept, since the success of a game of salugi is measured only by the degree of the victim's humiliation. Scelzi, on the other hand, is benign and sedentary, much like marbles, but played with bottle caps.

continued



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Stoop ball is still another kind of game, and one with inherent urban hazards. First of all, there was, even during gas rationing, traffic. My brother was once hit by a car that was backing up in order to park in front of our stoop. Then there were already parked cars that blocked the field of play. However, the most dread obstacle on 96th Street was an elderly blonde crab, who might have been German but was most certainly Germanic. I remember her as being a dental assistant, though my brother claims she was merely a landlady, which may tell you something about my brother and me. Whatever her occupation and origin, she was, for those years and our ages, a virtual caricature of torment and villainy. Outraged by the continual "thunk" of spaldens against her stoop, she would appear at the top of the stairs like the witch who suddenly emerges from a Black Forest barometer and threaten us with buckets of boiling water and/or the police.

Aside from these perils, stoop ball, like stick ball and punch ball, is basically a variant of baseball. The batter throws the spalden against the stoop so that it rebounds. If the ball clears the sidewalk, and the fielder, who is stationed in the street, fails to catch it on the fly, each of its subsequent bounces represents the advance of a base. One bounce is a single, two bounces a double, and so forth. If the fielder does catch the ball the batter is out. Since 96th is a two-way street, any balls hit on the fly over the white line were out, for purposes of safety. In doubles, however, you hit the ball as far as you could, the assumption being that two fielders could watch out for ears better than one. The cry, "Car! Car!" meant an automatic time-out.

I can no longer recall how it was that my brother and I became the champions of 96th Street. I believe it was by our own declaration. I do recollect the first, and, as it turned out, the last game of our reign, however, for in the course of it there occurred what may have been the most remarkable athletic feat I have ever witnessed.

Our opponents in that memorable

contest were the Whitelaw Bros. For some reason we always called the three of them "Bros." (pronouncing it bras) instead of "brothers." On this afternoon we were challenged by the oldest and the youngest. I remember the junior as being about my age, 13 or 14, I guess, and the eldest as 21, though I imagine he was, in truth, nearer 18. Whatever his age, to my brother and me he was that marvelously formidable and competent figure, a grownup.

The Great Play occurred when my brother and I were at bat. The senior Whitelaw was in the outfield, or slightly to the stoop side of the white line, and fair game for the eastbound cross-town bus. I hit a liner that shot by him and seemed destined to become a home run. The ball bounced once near the distant gutter. Incredibly, Whitelaw had almost caught up to it. He was going to hold me to a single! But then Providence, in the guise of a lady pushing a baby carriage, came along the sidewalk between the hurtling Whitelaw and the bouncing ball. Furthermore, directly behind the carriage was an iron fence topped with spikes that enclosed bushes planted in front of 27 West. I watched with mingled hope, horror and veneration as Whitelaw, without breaking stride, took off in a head-first plunge, clearing, in that splendid bound, the carriage and the spikes, and landed, hidden from my view by the petrified mother, in the shrubbery. When he arose he was clutching the spalden in his hand. (In what else, I ask myself? His teeth?) He had held me to a double.

Alas, my brother has a less heroic recollection of all this. Instead of being a liner, my hit was, he says, a long fly. The pursuing Whitelaw didn't leap over the baby carriage. Unable to stop in time, he crashed into it. But the ball did wind up in the bushes on the second, and final, bounce. The Whitelaw Bros., he tells me, indulgently allowed that the hit was a homer anyway. "I always thought it was a cheap run," my brother says, having gracefully borne this guilt over the decades. He further relates that the "homer" enabled us to tie the Whitelaw Bros., but that they went on to win 2-1 in extra innings. "As they deserved,"

continued



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Confessions (continued)

my brother adds. "It was a double."

My brother's memory no doubt serves him better than mine, but I recall yet another glorious event that in some ways surpasses even my romantic reconstruction of the stoop ball play. This one involves Saul, my best friend during our senior year at high school in The Bronx. Saul was a tackle on our football team. He was a moody, perhaps testy, red-head whose ambition it was to go to the moon. One dismal November evening we were scrimmaging the second team. Saul was on his hands and knees, waiting, in the rapidly fading light, for the second team to come out of its huddle. Pack, a little halfback who became a poet when he grew up, ranged behind the defensive linemen, exhorting them. When he came upon the silent and brooding Saul, he smacked him on the bottom and said, "Come on, Saul, talk it up. Where's your spirit?" The second team left its huddle. The linemen were about to get down when they stopped, dumbfounded. Saul was slowly arising. He turned and confronted Pack. Looking sternly down at him, he said in a loud, distinct and wrathful voice, "Noise is not necessarily a manifestation of spirit."

I have lost track of Saul in recent years. After graduating from college I visited him in Naples, where he lived above the flies. In his effort to reach the moon he had become a naval aviator and was flying admirals about Europe in R4Ds. I subsequently drank with him in bars in Hollywood, and in Baltimore, near the railway station. The last time I saw Saul was in Philadelphia. He was either an intern or a resident at Philadelphia General, now the way to the moon was through space medicine. One summer night I waited for him to get off duty, but he seemed to be awfully busy, and it grew later and later. About midnight I asked a nurse what was keeping him so long. "Dr. Saul refuses to allow his terminal cases to die," she said, with either respect or scorn. I have never been able to make up my mind which it was, undoubtedly because it was both. At any rate, I find that judgment and

continued

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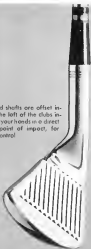
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Confessions *continued*

Saul's declaration on the football field that dreary evening in The Bronx to be of a piece.

Although I regarded myself as a great stoop ball player, I wasn't much good at baseball; in fact, I was lousy. The root of my trouble, I believe, was that I had no faith in my arm. This lack of faith made me concentrate so hard on throwing accurately that I either forgot to let go of the ball or else I released it too early. Throwing became a traumatic experience. Whenever I was fortunate enough to pick up a grounder, the necessity of next throwing the ball somewhere (but to what base, and how many outs were there?) panicked me. As a consequence, I always asked to play catcher, particularly in games where stealing was not allowed.

Last year I felt somewhat heartened when I watched two outfielders, both Los Angeles Angels as it happened, undergo experiences as shattering as mine. In a game against Baltimore, Ken Hunt held on to the ball so long on a mighty throw to the infield that when he finally released it, the ball struck the ground two or three yards in front of him. And, in a game with Washington, Lee Thomas let go of the ball so early in his windup that it fell two or three yards behind him while he looked, bewildered and in vain, after its nonexistent flight. Thomas, incidentally, was called Clang by his teammates: they told me his fingers were made of metal, and "clang" was the sound the ball made when it struck them and bounced off.

In pickup games I was always selected last, and regretfully. I am sure they would have rather made do with eight players. In fact, when they were choosing up sides, I would try to wander off to save either captain the embarrassment of picking me. Whenever I would come to bat, I'd be told to "wait 'em out" or "get a walk, for God's sake." Obedient, but inept, I usually struck out looking. I generally was put in right field, that preteen Siberia. I don't know why it was that there were no powerful left-handed hitters when I was a boy. On occasion, baseball fields were laid out more or less side by side where we played, and if the game I was taking part in was not

continued



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Confessions continued

sufficiently interesting. I would turn around and watch another or pass the time with my neighboring exile, a forlorn and uncoordinated wretch who had been banished to the right field of his game. Once, while gazing raptly at a game in which I was not playing, I heard a great shout at my back. I whirled around apprehensively, expecting to see the fateful descent of a tremendous fly I would never be able to catch in this world. I saw nothing, so returned to the game I was attending as a spectator. In a moment, a ball rolled intently between my legs, as though I were a giant croquet wicket. I stared at it, fascinated. So that was what the yelling had been all about—a ground ball that had, quite literally, become a home run while my back was turned. I didn't laugh when Billy Loes said he lost a grounder in the sun.

Although graceless and unwanted on the playing field, I was, in the security of my room, a great molder, indeed a creator, of men. My brother and I devised games that we played with dice. There was dice baseball and dice football and dice boxing, etc. I made up teams and players for these games, endowed them with names—being careful to include the minority groups—and varied personalities, drew their steely portraits, kept voluminous records and statistics.

I don't suppose you have ever heard of the Gilbertian Goshawks, who once beat Georgia Tech, 33-20. Leon Lubbo, a halfback with topping waves of blond hair, was their leading ground gainer. I am looking now at the team picture of the El Dorado Demons, a basketball team. The leading scorer was Mike Myers. I was a true believer in alliteration. He is very hairy, for hair was interesting to draw, his eyes are in meaningful shadows, he has outstanding ears and a religious medal hangs about his neck. Mike Myers was the Demons' leading scorer, making 471 points in 36 games, for a 13.1 average. Another one of my basketball teams was the Silver Zephyrs. I find, in their group picture, a business manager named Orovski. I had not forgotten the front office. He wears

a snap-on bowtie and a room clerk's mustache. There's the assistant trainer, Canoeck—only the players had the luxury of Christian names—and at the bottom of the page I have drawn a nondescript, and apparently huge, dog. The caption reads "Bruno, mascot."

I don't suppose news of Big Ben Colfax, who weighed well over 300 pounds, has reached you. He knocked out Joe Louis in the sixth round for the heavy-weight championship. Here's the Gilbertian Gladiators and their captain, Bill Orikio. Gilbertia is an island anywhere in the South Seas with a fine natural harbor, which is populated almost exclusively by athletes and fighter pilots. I come across Irv Goldberg and Clarence Debonar, who finished one-two in the 1,000-yard run for the Gilbertia AC. We blew that meet, 38-41, to the Thunder AC, one of my brother's clubs. I note, too, that someone called Alalara, whose first name has been lost to history, shared the dice baseball record for most hits in a game—five.

Another way of escaping the perpetual depression of competing with my peer group was to return to nature, or Central Park, where all clumsy boys are equal. We would hunt for crayfish there, finding them beneath stones in a shallow stream that runs under the Rustic Bridge in The Ramble; these names have always seemed to me to be way stations in a baffling religious allegory. We would fish with bread balls for catfish in the 79th Street lake—I hear it is stocked now by the Department of Parks with carp, sunnies and perch—and look for the gray-brown members of a certain family of moths that dwell, almost invisibly, on tree trunks. My brother and I were also bird watchers. This dedication led, years later, to my nearly having a nervous breakdown. One morning, in the woody heart of The Ramble, I became so frustrated by my inability to identify a swarm of warblers in their autumn plumage that I had to go home to bed.

The Central Park reservoir is a line place to look at ducks when it is almost completely frozen over and as vast, calm and melancholy as a mountain's shadow. The puddle ducks are in the patches of open water near shore, the mergansers

continued



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Confessions

farther out, and the gulls stand in a great white crescent on the ice in the center of the reservoir, folding and unfolding their wings. It was on the cinder path that encircles the reservoir that I once endlessly jogged in the curious belief that this would make me a great 440 man. I never finished better than third in that race, but I once trotted past the Duke of Windsor walking with his dogs about the reservoir.

In recent years, my athletic accomplishments have been, as always, forgettable or absurd, but they now include a note or two of triumph, although played, predictably, off key. These are, in order of occurrence, if not consequence:

1) When, in my final high school game, I hopped in from my linebacker position—the casual, reflective blitz—and tackled a fullback for a five-yard loss, inadvertently saving the day. I learned after the game that the full had not been on our five-yard line as I had assumed. It had been on the goal line. I am, I have been told when I recount this feat, the last of the great Jewish linebackers.

2) When I saved an old, confused gentleman from drowning while a lifeguard and lover at an Adirondacks hotel. He had been in the act of stepping from a rowboat onto a dock and had fallen into the lake. I saw him frantically treading water and, after a mad dash, leaped feet first to the rescue. My feet hit the bottom of the lake with an unexpected and jarring crash. The water was only up to my chest. I waded behind the old man and, taking hold of his waist, firmly pulled him down, so that his churning feet touched bottom, to his great surprise and relief.

3) The day I won the Camp Kalmer swimming meet for Hq. Co., 1264th S.U. I was covering the meet for the *Eagle*, the post newspaper. With the last event, the 400-meter relay, coming up, my company was deadlocked for first place with Hq. & Hq. Det., Reassignment Station. We were a cinch to win the relay as Frank Nauss, a two-time All-America from North Carolina State, who had already won three races for us, was swimming the freestyle leg. However, due to some overlooked technicality, Nauss,

continued

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Confessions

along with another one of our swimmers, was not permitted to take part in the relay. As I recall it, this left Hq. Co. with only three men for the four-man event, and in imminent danger of being disqualified and losing the meet. Sizing up the situation at a glance, an intellectual attainment that had heretofore eluded me, I raced into the locker room, changed into swimming trunks, feeling as Superman must when he rips his clothing off in handy doorways and alleys, and swam the breaststroke leg for Hq. Co. I was given an enormous lead and lost all but a few yards of it as I floundered, spluttering, up and down the pool, but we won the relay and the meet and, returning to the Eagle office, I modestly recorded my achievement in the next-to-last paragraph of my story. You can look it up.

This was not, however, my last race. Every once in a while, when I am tediously swimming my laps at the YMCA on West 63rd Street, I race some innocent, preoccupied stranger in the next lane and am almost always victorious. Alas, I suspect those I have defeated never knew they were in a race, but, at 34, victories are as hard to come by as they were when I was 12, and once again I am Frank Fremont, grim, crew-cut captain of the Gilbertian Garwhals, the peerless champions of the dice swimming league.

But when my stepson, who is 9, challenges me to a race to the corner of Prince and Sullivan Streets, near where we now live in the southern and shabby reaches of Greenwich Village, I tell him I will race him in the summer, on the beach. When summer comes, I will tell him it's too hot out for running or that I have not rounded into shape quite yet. And so winter passes into summer and then back to winter again, and pretty soon I won't have a ghost of a chance of winning, and the race will be still unrun, my stepson still shouting, "Last one to the corner's a rotten egg—no penny tax, no nothings, no back talk, everyone included, no backs, touching black, for 1964, period." And I will watch him charge off, I am not by any means the last of the great Jewish spectators.

END

A full-length photograph of a man in a light-colored, double-breasted suit with a pocket square. He is leaning back against a dark, textured background, holding a pair of glasses in his right hand. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the suit's texture and the man's features.

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64 Corvair Monza Club Coupe and Convertible

He bought his Corvair because of its quick reflexes, flat cornering and higher horsepower in its new rear engine

She couldn't care less about all that gibberish

Which is okay with us.

We've made a point of talking to as many ladies who drive Corvairs as possible. We've got a pretty good idea of what it is they *do* like about their cars.

True, most of them can't spout off Corvair's credentials, complete with chapter and verse from the latest sports car magazines.

And, frankly, very few of them carry their enthusiasm to the point of enquiring over dusty back roads most of the week-end just to prove their car's mettle.

But when it comes to hustling about town. Or parking in a cramped spot. Or the sheer joy of romping along a scenic drive. This is their kind of car.

All of which may simply go to prove that what the enthusiasts like to refer to as Corvair's precise, responsive handling is, by any other name, just as sweet.

But there's still one thing the girls keep bringing up about the car that we can't find an apt translation for. They think it's cute.

Maybe that just makes us even. That's what we think girls who drive Corvairs are. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**BOSTON** downed Cincinnati in its eighth straight Eastern Division title, four games to one, losing the fourth, 102-91. In that game guard Robert Horry led the Royals with 13 points and Jack Teyssie scored 31. Two players tied in Boston the Royals could not cope with Red Auerbach's 30 points and 35 rebounds and lost the deciding game 92-89. SAN FRANCISCO and ST. LOUIS were tied at three games each in the Western Division as the Warriors took two in a row and then forced the Hawks, a third team that seemed to be getting its second wind.

BOATING—**HARVELO** ARBOFF of Miami, piloting *Rain Racer*, a 31-foot Ford-powered Italian nanosailboat owned by Ogden M. Pappas III, sailed into the lead two miles from the finish and went on to win the 160-mile Miami-to-Nassau race in 4:54:50.

Defending champion **DICK STEARNS** of Chicago skipped his Star class sailboat to first place in four of five races to win the Western Hemisphere Championship on New Orleans' Lake Pontchartrain.

BOXING—In a New Orleans tale fight **WILLIE PATRANO** earned a wide round TKO over Gonzalo Perilla of Argentina (to reach his light heavyweight supremacy) (see page 48).

In another championship match, **CARLOS ORTIZ** of New York successfully defended his bantamweight title for the fourth consecutive year by outboxing challenger **Kenny Lane**. Ortiz was given a 15-round unanimous decision in his native San Juan, R.P.

Italy's World Junior Middleweight Champion **SANDO MAZZINI** hammered **Hector Maraca** of Mexico to gain a third-round TKO in a semifinal bout in Milan.

GOLF—**ARNOLD PALMER** led after five rounds to win an unprecedented fourth Masters title in Augusta, Ga. with 278 strokes. He had a big six-stroke margin over Jack Nicklaus and Dave Marr, who tied for second (see page 18).

SANDRA HAYNE of Kentucky shot a 54-hole total of 211 to capture the 12,000 LPGA Players Tour Open in Baton Rouge, La. by six strokes over runner-up Kathy Whitworth. Mickey Wright, last year's leading money-winner, finished third 215-216.

HARVEST RECIPE—**Saul Fukuoka** won a five-year-old **MR. HULLOCK** (\$25,391, driven by **Glenn Davis**) to the 19th edition of **Adair's** Drive to take the \$32,000 19 L.R. Forbes prize at Rossmore Raceway, with favored **Henry L. Adair** a distant sixth.

HOCKEY—The 70-game regular season had proved that they were no better than third and fourth best, but in the Stanley Cup semifinals **TORONTO** annihilated two-time finalist **DETROIT** quarterly shorn second-place Chicago. As the Semifinals started, Detroit's last season's first round, East-of-sevens games that announced them began.

the defending champion **Maple Leafs** extending took the lead by defeating the Red Wings 4-2 on a goal by **Conor Rob Patrice** with two seconds to go. Winding up the semifinals, the Leafs shot out the Canadiens 3-1 and won the crucial seventh game 3-1 on the perennial 20-year-old Toronto goal, **Johnny Bower**. Bower, 38, saved and **Dave Ross** a recent valuable little miss, scored all three Leafs goals. Gordie Howe was as usual indispensable for the Wings in the Detroit-Chicago series, but a special laser attached to the veteran center **Norm Ullman** as he generally beat the Hawks with his second but risk of the stickman in a 7-3 victory. Finally, the Wings took the seventh and decisive game 4-2.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. W. R. Hays's **BLUE NORTHER** (53), ridden by Willie Shoemaker, won the 100-mile, \$22,150 **Ashland Stakes** for 3-year-old fillies in Keeneland, Ky. by three lengths over Silver Oatler.

In a one-mile allowance race over a muddy track at Aqueduct, W. H. Perry's Kentucky Derby co-trainer **NIGHTLY MANNER** (53 20), with Don Price Jr., handily defeated five other 3-year-olds.

William Harman's 5-year-old **UPPERCUT** (51), Johnny Sellers riding, took the \$27,500 **Excelsior Handicap** at Aqueduct. Among the favorites, best only one horse to finish fifth.

JAY TRUMP, an 8-year-old gelding owned by Mrs. Mary C. Stephenson and ridden by Crispian Smith Jr., won the three-mile, 10-gallon **My Lady's Major** grand-prix race in Monmouth, Md.

NOTED SPORTS—**JOHN SURTER** of Britain, representing a new Val-de-Angers farm, took the Grand Prix of Syracuse (50-1), an important point-to-point to the world championship season.

SWIMMING—Five world records fell during a two-day **Argo-Roman** meet at Blackpool, England. For the Soviet, **GEORGI PHOKHORENKO** won the 250-yard breaststroke in 2:14, setting two records of the record set by M. Vengourov of Japan in 1962. Then he swam the breaststroke leg of the Russian 400-yd medley relay team, finishing in 4:08, beating by 1.3 seconds the U.S.-held record. The younger member of the Russian team, 15-year-old **ALLANA PRUDOME** (Soviet Union), swam the 250-yard women's breaststroke in 2:47, lowering by 24 seconds the record of **Betty Smith** of Seattle, Wash., England. **B.L. Nelson** of U.S. won the 110-yd backstroke in 1:09 3/4, 2/10-second faster than the record of **Sanku Tanaka** of Japan, and she also swam on the British relay. 440-yd medley relay team as an established 1st and senior record of 4:43 4.

TRACK & FIELD—**Brian's MEL BATEY**, 24, ran 10 miles in 47:29.6 at a meet in London, England, bettering by 20.2 seconds the British record set in 1961 by his countryman **Rud Healey**.

In an Oregon-Washington State meet in Eugene, Ore., Canadian **HARRY HEMMILL**, 23, of Eugene continued his comeback by winning the 100-yard dash in 6 1/2, the 226 in 2:1. Hemmill injured his knee in 1962 Olympic trials and required it in late 1962, but is now becoming a serious Olympic threat to American **Bob Hayes**.

MILPOISTS—**TRADED** The New York Giants' fourth, popular middle linebacker **SAM HUFF**, 29, and linebacker **George Sauer**, 31, were released by owner **Norman**, to the Washington Redskins for Defensive End **Andy Strum**, 25. Running Back **Dick James**, 26, was released to the Redskins for Defensive End **Andy Strum**, 25. "We weren't looking to trade Sauer," said Giants Coach **Al Sherman**, "but to get Strum and James we had to pay the price with quality." "Said Sam: 'I'm shocked.'"

TRADED The Los Angeles Dodgers' Rightfielder **LARRY SHERREY**, 26, retail pitching into of the 1971 World Series (see columns, two weeks), to the Detroit Tigers for a minor league and \$10,000.

LAUNCHED **KURFUEA V. Buzin's** second son 13-month for his 1964 America's Cup challenge, in Scotland.

APPOINTED **AL MCGUIRE**, 35, basketball coach at Belmont Abbey College in Belmont, N.C., the past seven seasons, to succeed recently fired **John Rector** as head coach at Marygrove University in Milwaukee. McGuire captured the 1951 St. John's University title.

DIED **SWAN WALLACE** (died) **WERNER**, 28, of San Antonio, Texas, who, of California in an auto crash near San Antonio, San Antonio (see page 33).

Also killed in the crash was **Werner's** Olympic Star **Brian Henderson**, 21, of Munich.

DIED **HUMBERT** (died) **HUGAZZY**, 76, a top heavy promoter of the 20th who came out of retirement in 1960 to help his nephew, **Bob Hugazzy** (see page 33), win the 1960 **Palm Beach-Groton** title at a New York Jockey. Hugazzy won national prominence in 1953 with his **Harry Gray-Mickey Walter** middleweight title and as the **Pete Giovanni**. The next year, in his native promotion, 41, his net \$44,100 in six last. Defeated in the fight between weight limit **Bob Paul** (Berkeley) in **Edison** fight.

DIED **ALFRED E. LUDERS**, 83, founder and longest president of one of the nation's biggest post-binding firms, at his home in Old Greenwich, Conn. The **Luders** firm, **Post-Binding Co.** of Stamford, Conn., specializes in large luxury craft, book binding, the 1962 America's Cup defender, and has another Connecticut address for this year's cup trials.

DIED **JIM UNBRICHT**, 33, relief pitcher for the Houston Colt .45s, of cancer, in a Houston hospital. Following a six-year career in Major League, he pitched 76 innings during the season and had a creditable 2-4 earned run average.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Clyde Boris Jr. 19 James Davis 22, 24, 27
 5—Ronald L. Noyes 28—Walter Jones Jr. 30
 6—Nate Bert Johnson 32—Hal Hershkov 34
 47—A. H. 48—My Feltin 48-73—Bruce Davidson
 McGowan 91—Earl Morton 33, Petersburg Times, Hal Hershkov, Jack Chan.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOAN RAMEY, 31, a mother of two and a part-time teacher at Kentucky Wesleyan College in Owensboro, became the first woman coach of a male team in the school's 106-year history. She has some week to do—her tennis squad lost 0-9 to Bradley first last out.



ROGER SAUR, 32, an engineer from Dunedin, Fla., skipped her Windell class and, Zephyr, to victory in the Winter Championships in St. Petersburg, Fla. for the second year in a row. He finished 3-1-1-7-4 to edge John Bear of Bradenton Beach, Fla. by 154 points.



DALTON CARR, a Big Spring, Texas, two salesman, went out with some Randy and Red and caught 200 live rattlesnakes weighing a total of 427 pounds to win his town's annual hunt. "A rattler may come out either meek or striking," he said. "That's the sport of it."



ROBERTA ARMSTRONG, 18, of Palo Alto, Calif., a swimmer, since the war, R. Armstrong sense of rhythm led her to take up water ballet at 12, stroked to her second straight AAU senior women's and/or synchronized swimming title in Oakland, Calif.



GURNAK VOLTE, 18, a freshman at Wisconsin State College in Oshkosh, took the all-events title in the National Intercollegiate Bowling Championships in Oakland, Calif., with a nine-game total of 1,820, outrolling the finalists from an original 13,000-man field.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MASTERY

Sirs:

In regard to Dan Jenkins' article concerning the Masters and the Bon Air Hotel (Where Georgia Retaliates for Sherman's March, April 6), we feel that you owe the city of Augusta a public apology.

If your staff does not appreciate the accommodations our city has to offer, then you may remain where you are. And we would like it a lot better if you would.

FRANK E. CLARK
JOE A. SCHWITZ

Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

Mr. Jenkins' surmise as to the origin of the soap siver ("most likely left behind by some carpetbagger") was the only hint of truth in the whole article.

RONALD F. GALLOWAY, M.D.
Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

Poor hotels Augusta may have. Poor restaurants as well. But you neglected to mention Augusta's foremost attraction: more good-looking girls per square foot than any city in America. Take it from a North Carolinian who knows.

CHARLES DAVANT III
Woodberry Forest, Va.

Sirs:

Your Master's issue arrived in time to give me a refreshing, but, alas, vicarious visit to Augusta. For three of the past five years some friends and I have made the rushed 1,000-mile trek via automobile on self-imposed absences from our college studies. I still vividly recall a couple of visits to the Bon Air and the Red Lion.

However, we cannot include ourselves among the Bon Air's illustrious alumni. During seven of our nine nights in Augusta we solved the sleeping problem by sprawling out on the four-foot seats of our car. Our favorite parking spot was near an entrance to a parking lot close to the fifth green. One morning we were politely awakened and served coffee by the first attendant on duty.

THOMAS F. WARRIN
Rock Island, Ill.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' story on the sidelines at the Masters makes me wish I could sell everything I own and go to Augusta to "vote for Mutimer." Thanks, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, for your April 6 issue.

MICHAEL LINOLEY
Dallas

Sirs:

Maybe the Masters has outgrown Augusta, but give us time.

WILLIAM F. MAGUIRE
Augusta, Ga.

TWO OUT

Sirs:

In your list of the eight top contenders for the Masters, you forgot to include Sam Snead and Julius Boros who tied for third last year.

ROBERT WALKER
Portage, Ind.

• It was insight, not oversight; neither one made it past the cut.—ED.

JOLTS AND SCARS

Sirs:

I enjoyed Martin Kane's article, (*Two Guys Named Joe Jolt Wrester* April 6), tremendously, and I am looking forward to seeing more stories on collegiate wrestling. However, as a former high school wrestler from Nassau County, Long Island, I cannot agree with Martin Kane's statement that "Pennsylvania is the only area in the East where wrestling enjoys genuine stature."

In most Nassau County schools wrestling as a sport attracts more participants and spectators than either football or basketball. From its small land area and population, as compared to the whole state of Pennsylvania, Nassau County sends a continuous supply of wrestlers to the top wrestling colleges in the East.

Nassau County is also a consistent winner of the New York State title. This year it won nine out of 13 individual championships. At the NCAA tournament Dick Sistrky, a former county champion, lost in the finals of the 157-pound class.

MICHAEL J. HUTTER
Providence, R.I.

Sirs:

I was very disappointed to see only one sentence about Iowa State's Gordon Hassman, who won the 157-pound title.

During the course of the year, Hassman scored 18 pins in winning 34 straight matches without a defeat. A week before the nationals, he won the Big Eight crown in his division and was voted the tournament's most outstanding wrestler. Last year, as only a sophomore, he placed third in the NCAA finals in the 167-pound bracket, after wrestling part of the season in the 147-pound class.

BOB LEGG
Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

Poor Martin Kane. There he was watching the Oklahomaans and missing the top team in the East—Lock Haven State College.

Our own Fred Powell is the 123-pound champ and our 177-pound Jerry Swope finished third—and he's a sophomore!

REGINALD H. MULLER
Lock Haven, Pa.

Sirs:

Please tell me why Southern Illinois University was not mentioned.

LARRY GLAZER
Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

As a three-year wrestler for my high school (Beacon High), I am very surprised and shocked at the sheer foolishness of some of the wrestlers in Oklahoma. I had one of these so-called bottle scars (a cauliflower ear) that some Oklahomaans wear almost as "proudly as dueling scars" and I failed to see what was so good about it. These puffed ears were considered by the coach of our team and by any affected member as a severe pain in the neck.

JOHN BENNETT
Beacon, N.Y.

HAUNTING IRONY

Sirs:

Congratulations! If there is any color or dignity left in boxing, Tex Maule has found it (*Dog's Head of Champions*, April 6). With more places like the Fifth Street Gym, boxing might regain the popularity it once enjoyed.

MICHAEL ORSTANO
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sirs:

The picture accompanying Tex Maule's article is inadvertently a pretty severe indictment of boxing, since it shows a poster announcing a bout between the late Alejandro Lavorante and Cissius Clay. It is billed as a City of Hope "Fight for Lives." How ironic that boxing ended both the hopes and the life of Lavorante.

HARVEY M. SCHAFER
New York City

ROAD BLOCK

Sirs:

After reading Ross Macdonald's article (*A Death Road for the Condor*, April 6), I am more distressed than I thought possible. It seems we are now getting some misdirected Madison Avenue types in the Forest Service—and nothing could do our natural re-

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(after you've read it)

Don't let a soul see it.
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This is a disc brake. Renault R-8 has one per wheel. Disc brakes never fade or grab—even when wet.

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1. This is a pushbutton panel. It means that the 230 times a day you'd ordinarily shift, you don't. Renault automatic transmission does it for you. If you like the feeling of shifting for yourself, even 230 times a day, you can get the R-8 1100 with 4-speed synchronized gearbox, too.

3. This is Marvin Twill. He sells gas. All the Marvin Twills get a little poorer from Renault. After all, you can't get rich pumping gas into a car that gets up to 35 miles a gallon.

4. This is a bucket seat. Probably the most comfortable one ever made. People say it feels like a sofa.

They're wrong. It's more like an armchair.



6. This is the Renault name. Now that you're a Renault expert, destroy this ad. Then go straight to your Renault dealer. Be the first on your block to test-drive it. You'll probably be the first on your block to buy it.



7. This is the Renault R-8. It has everything above—and more.

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8. For overseas sales information, contact one of our 500 dealers or write: Renault Overseas Sales Dept., 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Sports at the Fair and Around the Town

Trials for the Tokyo Olympics, along with AAU championships, will be part of the big show in Flushing Meadows, lending a gala air to New York's spring and summer sports season **by HAROLD PETERSON**

The World's Fair, opening this week, will be partly the scene of, and partly the occasion for, a strenuous spring and summer of sports in New York. Many of the tryouts for next fall's Tokyo Olympics will be held at the fair, in the 18,000-seat Singer Bowl and in the World's Fair Pavilion, which seats 2,100. Because of the fair, the Olympic Committee scheduled more trial events in and around New York than have ever before been held in a single region. The tests are expected to draw vaster audiences than usual, with personnel and equipment for accommodating them available at the fair.

If fairgoers become alarmed by whatever the challengingly titled Fun House of

the Future holds in store for them, or if they become satiated with refinement in the House of Good Taste, they can turn to the simple and familiar pleasures of athletics.

Tryouts for the U.S. boxing team will take place on May 18, 19 and 20 in the Singer Bowl, followed by judo trials on June 12 and 13 and wrestling (Greco-Roman and freestyle) August 24 through 28. Fencing tryouts will be staged July 12 through 14 in the World's Fair Pavilion.

Other Olympic tests are scheduled away from the fair, but conveniently near enough for out-of-townners who want to see the city as well as take in the trials. Track and field competition will

be held July 3 and 4 in 22,000-seat Downing Stadium on Randall's Island, located in the East River between Manhattan and Queens, beneath the Triborough Bridge. Fanciers of female shotputters will find them on Randall's Island a month later on August 6 and 7.

Rowing trials will be held at Orchard Beach on Pelham Bay in The Bronx, singles and eights races July 8 through 11, followed by fours, pairs and double sculls August 26 through 29.

Gymnasts will compete for a trip to Tokyo at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point on the near north shore of Long Island, August 26 through 29, August 25 through 29 water

continued

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Sports at the Fair *continued*

polo trials will be held at Astoria Pool, in Astoria Park near the fair. Swimming and diving trials will begin immediately thereafter, from August 29 through September 7. Cycling track events (August 31 through September 3 at Kissena Park Velodrome) and volleyball (September 2 through 5 at Queens College) will also be in Queens. Canoeing trials are planned at Orchard Beach September 12 and 13. Cycling road races—the only Olympic tryouts to be held on Manhattan Island—will be run in Central Park September 5 and 6.

This adds up to what the fair committee calls "the 59 Olympic Days" of final and semifinal trials, involving over 2,000 athletes. The fair administration put up \$350,000 to get the Olympic tests. Olympic trials taking place at the fair itself are free to those attending the fair. Tickets for events elsewhere can be obtained on a first-come-first-served basis through the Department of Parks, Fifth Avenue and 64th Street.

Several AAU championships events will also be staged at the fair. AAU judo takes place May 1 through 3 in the Singer Bowl; gymnastics May 7, 8 and 9 at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, junior weightlifting May 23 and 24 in the Pavilion and wrestling June 22 through 26 in the Singer Bowl.

Besides events connected with the fair, New York has sporting riches of its own. Shea Stadium, new burnt-orange-and-turquoise home of the New York Mets, is in Flushing, close enough to the fair to be a part of it. On Randall's Island the International Soccer League will play Wednesday and Sunday nights from May 31 to August 9. In Forest Hills, not far from the fair, the West Side Tennis Club will be host to the tennis Nationals from September 2 to 13.

Visitors to the fair can combine sight-seeing with game-watching, for some kind of game is always going on in New York, often in unlikely places. There is bocce, for instance—an Italian version of the ancient game of bowls. New York's Park Department provides no fewer than 74 bocce courts. The visitor can even combine dinner with bocce, for Fellin's Restaurant on the south edge of Greenwich Village has its own court right on the premises.

Better known is stickball, a game derived from the same roots as baseball and cricket, though played in crowded streets with broomstick and rubber ball.

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Sports Illustrated

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Rules vary, anorectically. Generally a batter gets from one to three swings, and balls caught on the rebound from a tenement wall are outs, as are balls that land on fire escapes and rooftops. Sidewalk scouts look for "three-sewer hitters," batters who can slug the ball past three manhole covers, the length of a block. (When Willie Mays used to play with the kids in Harlem, he was said to be a four-sewer hitter, but then he was a grown man and a major-leaguer.)

Crickets can be watched at Randall's Island. There a United Nations team (which practices on the U.N. lawn) plays West Indian teams. It is all very pukka, with tea breaks and white uniforms.

A far more strenuous sport is racing in 1,680-pound lifeboats. On May 28, from a vantage point on Bay Ridge, Brooklyn overlooking the Narrows, you can watch crews from the U.S. and several foreign nations compete for a world's championship.

For visitors who might want to participate in games as well as watch them the Park Department provides 636 baseball and softball diamonds, 795 rowboats, 459 tennis courts, 936 basketball courts, 1,943 handball courts and 11,055 swings. Celebrity hunters may want to catch a game of the Broadway Show League, mostly composed of teams from various theatrical productions. They play softball Thursday afternoons in Central Park near West 63rd Street. Leading attraction of the League "C" Division (for girls) last year was the Playboy Club Bunnies. The Bunnies were often criticized by other members of the BSL for always arriving late. "That happens because the girls stay up till 4 or 5 a.m.," former Manager Bobby Bennett (a male) explained. "Some are working. I once tried a bed check. Once."

For a look at the incongruous sight of wildlife in New York City, go to Staten Island and the William T. Davis Wildlife Refuge in New Springville. The ferry to Staten Island provides a splendid view of New York and the Statue of Liberty and still costs only a nickel.

Staten Island has one of the best of the city's golf courses, La Tourette. Week-day fee is \$1.75, but do not expect Brookline's Country Club. New York courses are always crowded. At the Dyker Beach course, residents, bringing cards and gasoline lanterns to play by, often begin queuing for tee-off times at 2 a.m.

For horseback riding, Staten Island, a colorful



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Sports at the Fair

at Clove Lakes Park, provides pretty surroundings. One can also ride along the beach at Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn or even earlier in view of midtown Manhattan skyscrapers in Central Park, where a riding stable on West 89th Street will rent you a mild-mannered colt for \$5 an hour.

Archery in Manhattan can be practiced in a surprisingly appropriate setting. High on a hill on the north tip of the island, overlooking the Hudson, Inwood Park offers a range near which Indian artifacts are still found. Real live Indians play lacrosse, the game their ancestors invented, at Prospect Park in, rather quaintly, Brooklyn.

You can fish in New York, too. At beaches frequented at dawn by surf casters, fishermen can try for striped bass and flounder. There is even an annual Elks Club fishing contest for children in Central Park beginning the first week in August.

Another event for children in the Park is the model sailboat regatta. Held June 13 at a pond reserved exclusively for the purpose, it is one of the largest regattas of its kind anywhere.

Those interested in somewhat larger boats will discover an entire fleet at City Island in Long Island Sound. A well-weathered hunk of real estate completely surrounded by boats, City Island has 11 marinas, six major boating and yacht clubs, a fishing fleet, marine-supply stores and a famed seafood restaurant, Thwane's Inn. It also has outboards for rent at about \$10 per day.

Between visits to the fair you can do any of the following: bicycle on 50 miles of bicycle paths, watch lawn bowls at Central Park's Sheep Meadows or at the Parade Grounds in Brooklyn, play football (touch or tough) at one of 86 fields, hook and slice at a golf driving range in Pelham Bay Park, watch field hockey or roller hockey, pitch horseshoes, attend model airplane flying competitions, ride a pony for 15¢ (if you are under 12), see a Rugby game at Van Cortlandt Parade Field, roller skate at Wollman Rink in Central Park (skates rent for 25 to 50¢), bowl, play table tennis, pool or croquet, practice basketball at outdoor courts and watch boxing and wrestling at Madison Square Garden.

If you overdo it, take cheer. Robert Moses has announced that Simmons Beautyrest mattresses can be rented at the fair.

END

sources less service. They remind me of those who protest, for profit or pleasure, that conservationists are trying to keep nature away from people. Nature is not to be found at a particular crossing of longitudinal and latitudinal lines, it is not a spectacular hidden waterfall or a secluded forest grove. These are only parts of a whole panorama which already abounds in our national parks, where roads have long taught us to cherish nature by making us familiar with it. Now that we have more than enough roads, however, the call for continued building can only be considered greed.

HARRY N. HORSER

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

The article further emphasized the inescapable encroachment of man into virgin areas. Although the Regional Forester announced a delay on his decision, one thing is sure, eventually the road will be built and the corridor eradicated. Articles of this nature and public indignation serve no purpose. How can they in a land devoted to pavement, billboards and neon?

Destroy, destroy.

THOMAS E. WALLMO

Northbrook, Ill.

Sirs:

Never have I seen a living giant condor. Neither would I wish to see one if the access roads permitting me to do so would destroy it and give future generations the conception that this great monument to history is and always has been a stuffed museum curio.

Mrs. ROBIN R. OWLIZ

Ada, Ohio

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Sirs,

I speak not only as a fan of Wally Jones, but as the voice of many basketball fans throughout the country. It is indeed a "slap in the face" to both Wally and us to have some "almighty" members of the Olympic selection committee pass over such a fine, talented player (W for Sure: You Can't Win "Enu All", April 12). Anyone who has ever seen Wally play knows that what some committee members called "clowning" not only won games but provided many memorable moments of outstanding basketball.

GARY ZARZYCKI

Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

Clowning indeed! Baseball's Willie Mays might be clowning when he runs out from under his hat to make a basket catch, but is he any less an All-Star because of it?

JOHN M. HEAVACEN
JAMES W. PHILLIPS
JOSEPH M. PLECK

Madison, Wis.

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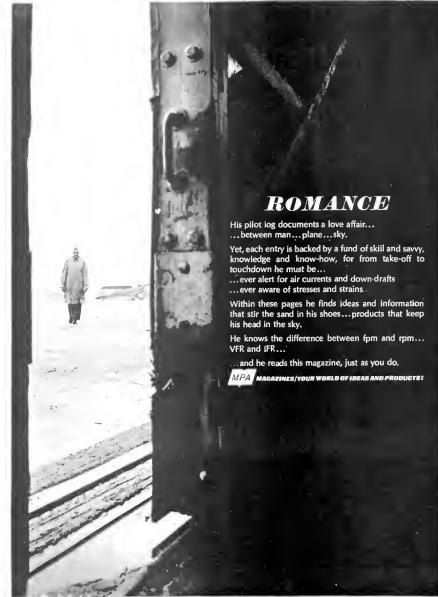


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